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— Page 38

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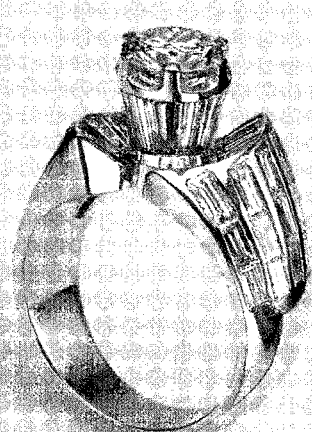

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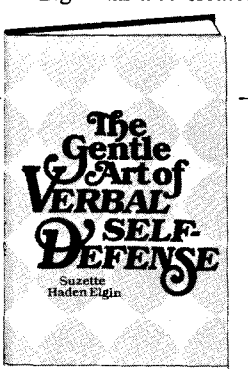
About the Author

Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.



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AUGUST 19, 1988
VOL. XL, NO. 16

NATIONAL REVIEW

HART 38

TATE 44

VON DREELE 40

LUTTON 54

CODE WORD: TECHNOCRAT

28 It's Greek to Us
Mike Dukakis is a clever guy: he's got all the major media believing he's pulled the Democrats away from the liberal brink. In truth, all he and the Democrats have is some new code words. *Joseph Sobran*

30 Wanted: A Foreign Policy
The Best Case
Dukakis is not the most nauseating of liberals; if Congress, the Allies, and Gorbachev cooperate, things could work out.
Morton Kondracke

Who's On First?
More realistically, the Duke will attempt to put into practice the bundle of half-baked principles he's already developed. True, he might learn in office—the way Jimmy Carter did. *Frank J. Gaffney Jr.*

32 The Duke at Home
The Massachusetts governor has worked hard at establishing an image of competence and honesty. The record, says a man who has been covering him for years, is a bit different. *Howie Carr*

35 The Mike and Jesse Show
They put up a good front, with plenty of centrist sound and anti-Bush fury, but when it was all over, Jesse wasn't going anywhere and Mike was still complaining about the strongest economy of the century.
Richard Brookhiser

ARTICLES & COLUMNS

24 It's Kemp!
To win, George Bush needs energy, youth, and solid support from the Right. Guess who has all the qualities he's missing?
Neal B. Freeman

38 Marilyn & Jack & Bobby
Nothing seems to hurt the Kennedys' overblown image—not even a scandal worse than Watergate. *Jeffrey Hart*

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

42 In *Recollections of a Life*, Alger Hiss works so hard at covering up his guilt that only Stalinists could believe him, says **Joseph Sobran**. . . . Hugh Kenner has come through again, with *A Sinking Island*, a stimulating look at the rise and fall of modernism, says **J. O. Tate**. . . . **Loxley F. Nichols** wonders what strange questions students will be asking William Kennedy next, after *Quinn's Book*. . . . **Chilton Williamson Jr.** considers John Ardoin's *Callas at Juilliard* to be fully worthy of its subject's remarkable talent. . . . In *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, the cartoons are realistic but the people aren't, sighs **John Simon**. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** recommends the *Commodore Jazz Recordings* reissues—he recalls the original sessions with the greats from Benny and Jelly Roll all the way to the Lion. . . . In Tuscany, the living is easy and even the Communists believe in free trade, reminisces **Nika Hazelton**. . . . **D. Keith Mano** explains the politics of baseball: have you ever met a liberal who *wasn't* a Mets fan?

6 LETTERS
11 FOR THE RECORD
12 THE WEEK
22 FROM WASHINGTON STRAIGHT
40 help!
54 THE RIGHT BOOKS
60 ON THE RIGHT
62 TRANS-O-GRAM

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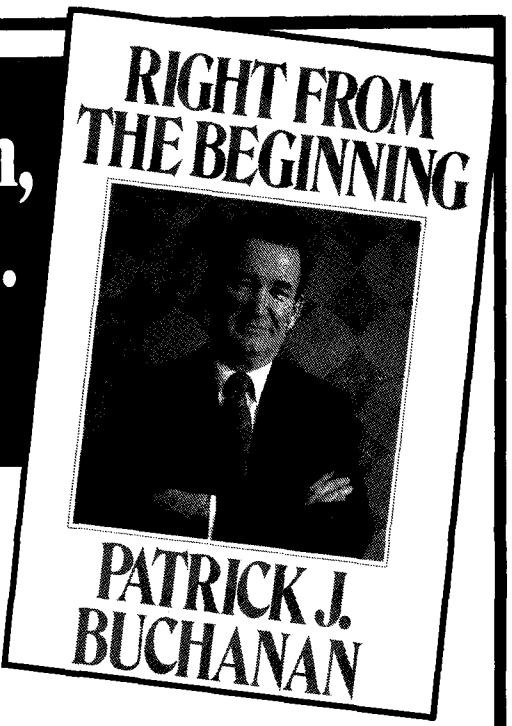

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LETTERS

So Close but So Far

The Reagan Revolution was supposed to restore confidence in American leadership, strengthen the family, rebuild our defenses, reduce spending and taxes, and loosen regulation for a more productive economy. Did it? On none of these counts can we say more than a regretful "not enough." But then again, maybe that's quite a lot when you're fighting against two Democratic Houses of Congress and a massive bureaucracy.

Your eminent analysts in "The Reagan Legacy" [Aug. 5]—from Tom Wolfe describing the *intellectual* Ronald Reagan as the champion of a working middle class whose members "live on a scale that would have made the Sun King blink" to Joseph Sobran saying, "now, after eight years of him, we tend to feel he's let us down"—provide interesting insight into the presidential performance of Ronald Reagan.

Reagan truly led a revolution—against intrusive government and in favor of tradition and moral decency. But the liberalism this revolution was supposed to wipe out is stronger than ever, and it has "learned to cloak its radical intentions in 'mainstream' rhetoric," says Robert Bork, who, more than most, felt its true impact. Indeed, his non-nomination is a striking example of the Reagan Administration's failure to articulate its own ideas. It could not get Bork on the Court; could not establish a workable policy in southern Africa; could not gain support for the resistance in Nicaragua. Mr. Bork summed it up by saying, ". . . a bright beginning has darkened as the Administration abandons some of what had seemed its major premises." Reagan almost said what he should have said, then lapsed into a lengthy aberration. Still, as Mr. Sobran says, "his heart is in the right place, and I honor him for that." He will prove to be a hard act to follow.

Sharon Smith
Dallas, Tex.

Gorbachev as Calvinist

The current campaign in the Soviet Union to discourage prostitution ["Sex and the Soviet Man," by Laurence Anthony, July 8] recalls an earlier one initiated by Lenin and his Bolsheviks upon seizing power. While the odious character of the Soviet regime, then or now, cannot realistically be disputed, it is also true that the Communists have sought to instill an almost Calvinistic contempt for a variety of easy vices. Thus, the early Bolsheviks prohibited vodka and attempted to curb prostitution and gambling.

These steps were not taken then, or, I am sure, now, out of deference to any code of morality. Lenin and his cohorts viewed the ordinary vices of men and women as obstructions to the progress of the Revolution. As such, the good life here on earth could not be realized until either these human weaknesses were eradicated or their possessors eliminated.

Unremarkably, Lenin's campaign was a failure, and, as Mr. Anthony so perceptively points out, there is no reason to believe this present effort will achieve much lasting success either.

Daniel J. Onove
Bloomfield, N.J.

Don't Doom Heteros

One of the more fascinating aspects of the socio-political side of the AIDS epidemic is the desire of so many conservatives to get in bed with homosexuals and the establishment media in creating the illusion that the disease has broken out into the heterosexual population. The latest example of this is Wayne Lutton's review of Masters and Johnson's *Crisis* [May 27].

Ten years after the first heterosexual AIDS cases began showing up in New York City, the disease remains confined almost exclusively to homosexuals, intravenous-drug abusers, recipients of blood products prior to 1986, and the steady sexual partners of these people. Only about 2 per cent of all diagnosed AIDS cases in this country have been attributed to heterosexual transmission in native-born Americans, a figure that has held steady for several years now. In New York City, the heterosexual-AIDS capital of the United States, only eight males have been identified as having gotten AIDS from heterosexual intercourse. According to a recent *Journal of the American Medical Association* article, those who avoid sex with a member of a high-risk group have only a one in five million chance of infection per act of intercourse.

All of which is cause for joy for most of us, but not for Wayne Lutton,

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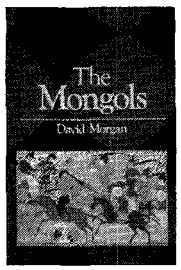

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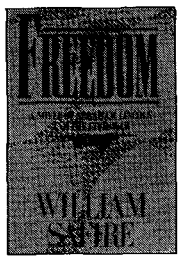

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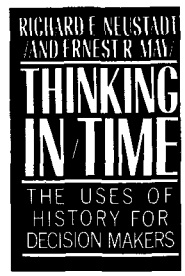

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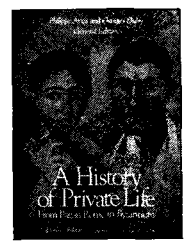

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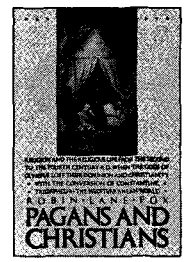

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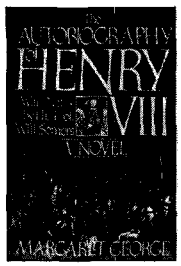

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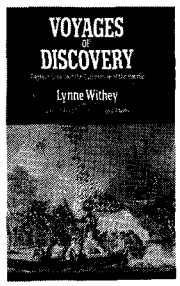

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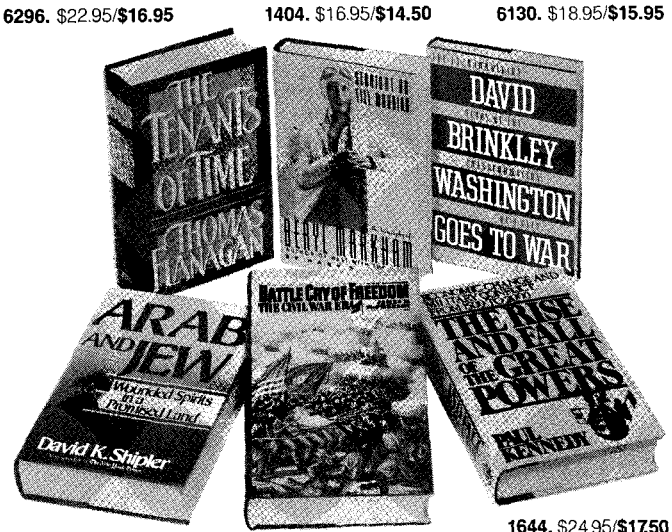

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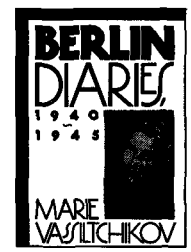

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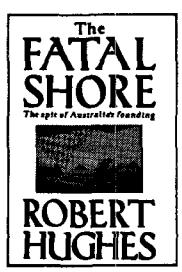

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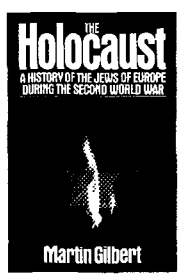

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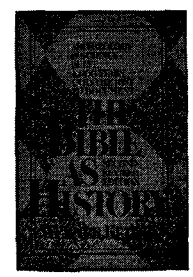

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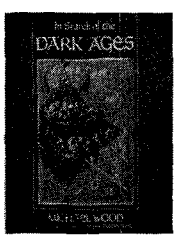

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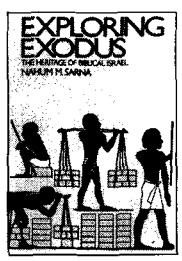

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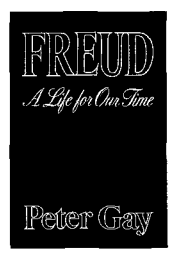

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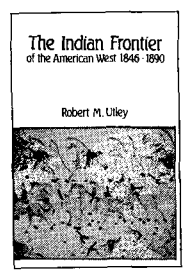

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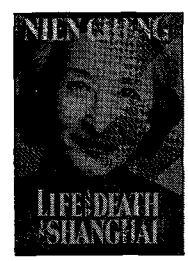

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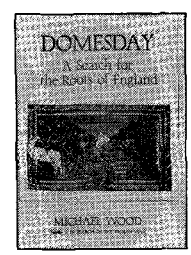

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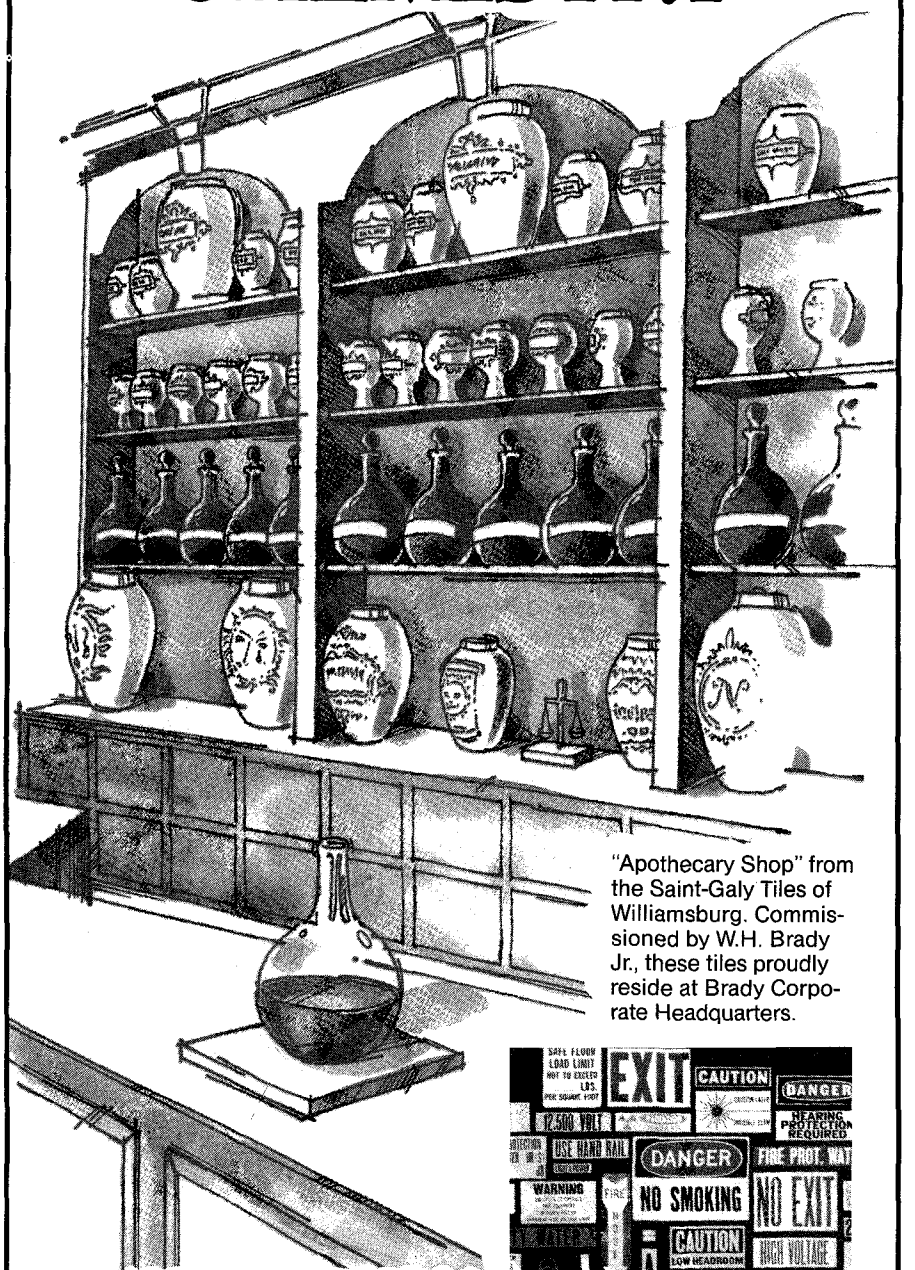

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who has become *NR*'s resident AIDS doomsayer. In his grasping for straws, Lutton has desperately clutched *Crisis*, which announces that "The AIDS virus is now running rampant in the heterosexual community." The review is devoid of all criticism of the book, and as such contains a few minor omissions.

Immediately after the book was released, the authors were forced to concede that their sampling methodology was so haphazard as to render the study useless for comparison to the general population. Which is to say that it's worthless, period.

Even if the sampling were proper, the complete lack of follow-up interviewing procedure would disqualify the results. Experience with follow-up interviews of those testing positive for the AIDS virus shows consistently that people are often initially reluctant to admit to high-risk activities. According to officials at the New York Department of Health, 60 per cent of the men in that city originally claiming prostitute contact as their only risk later change their stories.

Homosexuals, frustrated at a disease that has singled them out just as they were gaining respectability, have desperately tried to foster the idea that heterosexuals are now being caught in the "second wave." Conversely, Wayne Lutton and other conservatives seem to resent the evidence that the disease that has cut so cruel a swath through the immoral homosexual and drug-using populations has left promiscuous heterosexuals virtually untouched. Too bad. Better luck next virus.

Michael Fumento
Alexandria, Va.

Buy George

Tom Bethell's "The Forgotten Right of Privacy" [July 8], although a very good piece, might have been improved by mention of Henry George's discussion of property. It seems odd that the *American* political economist—the one whose work outsold Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, and David Ricardo combined—was left out of Bethell's survey.

Henry George was to political economy what Isaac Newton was to physics. He clarified and synthesized political economy from François Quesnay and Adam Smith on down to Mill and Herbert Spencer.

George was controversial in his own day and remains controversial today; then and now because he was not of academia, and because of his distinction between property that is private by *nature* and property that is private by *law*.

Sam Venturella
Chicago, Ill.

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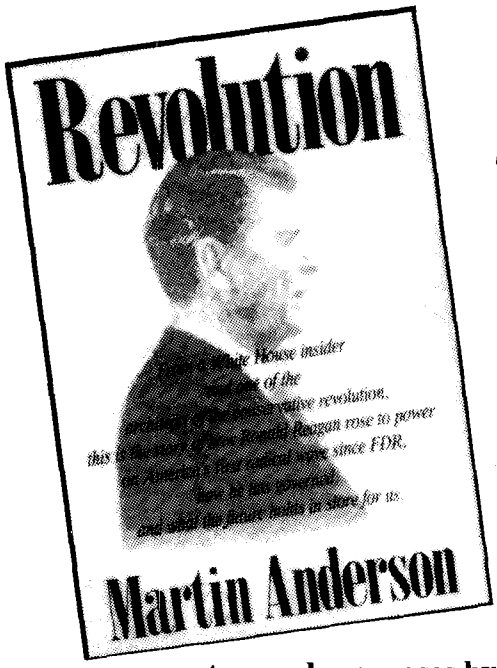

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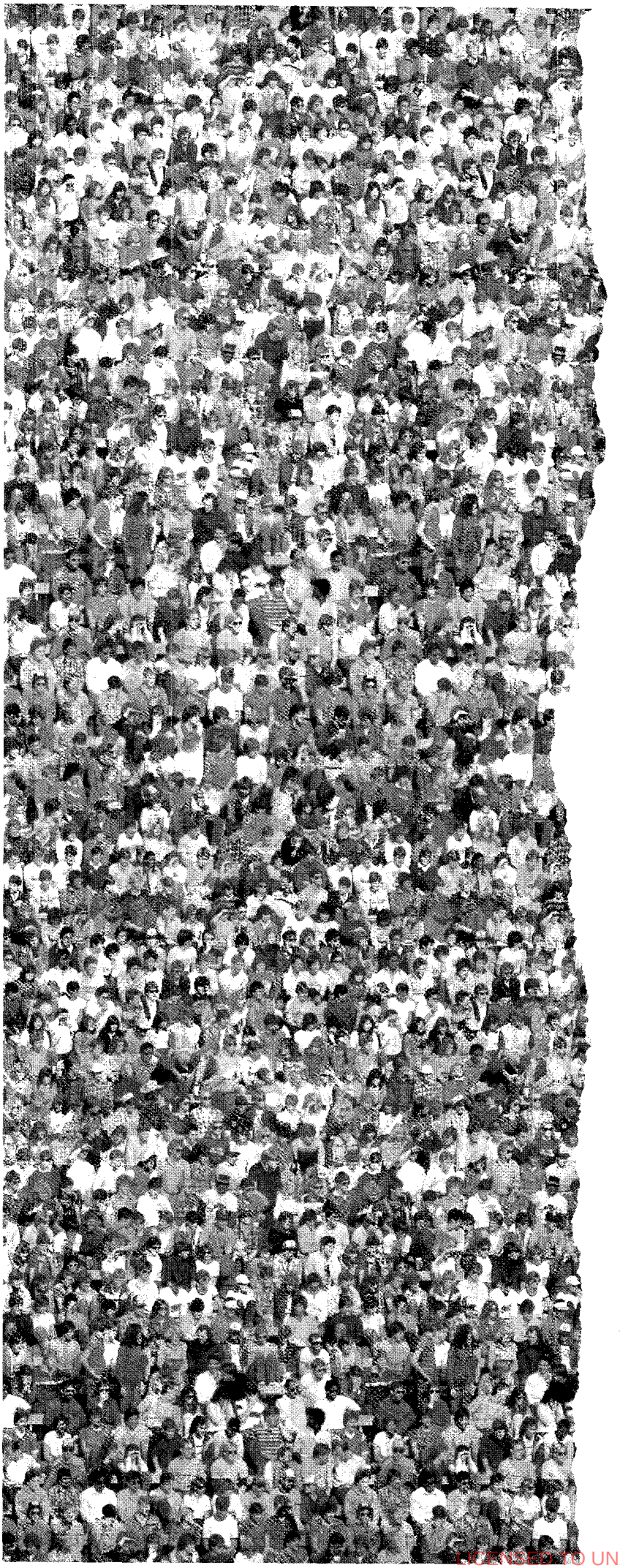

A GOVERNMENT OF HALF THE PEOPLE, BY HALF THE PEOPLE, AND FOR HALF THE PEOPLE.

The quote isn't accurate. But the numbers are.

In the last Presidential election, only 53% of those eligible actually voted.

The problem is worst among the youngest voters, the 18-to-24-year-old group. Less than half of them even register. Only 17% actually voted in 1986.

This shocking statistic prompted us to make a commitment to the Vote America Project.

Together, we are providing teaching materials to 25,000 high schools. And personal registration and voting booklets to over a half-million voting-age students. Our goal: to register every one of them. And to urge them all to become informed voters.

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Because when a government is *of* half the people and *by* half the people, sooner or later the worst thing happens. It becomes *for* half the people.

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GENERAL DYNAMICS

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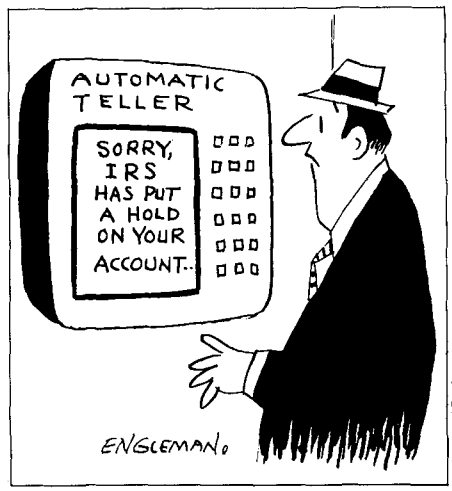
FOR THE RECORD

The only suspense in the presidential joyride at the moment is whom **George Bush** will pick for Vice President to offset **Michael Dukakis**'s choice of **Lloyd Bentsen**. According to the usually well-informed **Evans & Novak**, a behind-closed-doors meeting of top strategists called by Bush campaign manager **Lee Atwater** three days after Bentsen was picked voted eight to two for **Jack Kemp** over **Robert Dole** because Kemp "could add an image of youth and vigor to the ticket." But, as a veteran GOP congressman told E&N, "I think George knows that Jack could really help him in the campaign but would drive him mad as Vice President." . . . Columnist **James Jackson Kilpatrick** thinks Bush should keep his choice secret until New Orleans and then name **Nancy Landon Kassebaum**, who is young (56), a Midwesterner (Kansas), and, of course, a woman. . . . Atlanta left sour aftertaste in mouths of some commentators and Democratic leaders. **David Brinkley** was moved to ask during first three days, when **Jesse Jackson** dominated the procedures, whether white males were finished as a force in the Democratic Party. . . . Former DNC Chairman **Robert Strauss** told **R. W. Apple**, the *New York Times*'s chief Washington correspondent: "There are a lot of white men out there we're trying to reach. I watched those pictures on the tube and I worried that maybe Middle America got the feeling we weren't interested." . . . **Claiborne Darden Jr.**, the Atlanta pollster, says Dukakis will be vulnerable if George Bush can "make this an issues election . . . and hammer at issues like taxes [Democrats are for them, no matter what their platform says], crime [Dukakis is perceived as soft on first-degree murderers], and Soviet meddling in Central America [where the situation could blow up before November]." . . . A *Christian Science Monitor* survey of delegates in Atlanta confirms that they



Engleman / Rothco

are to the left of the Democratic Party at large: 64 per cent believe taxes must be raised to reduce the deficit; 67 per cent favor bigger government providing more services. . . . **Mary McGrory** found Michael Dukakis's acclaimed acceptance speech "the biggest Greek surprise since the Trojan horse." . . . **Billy Bulger**, president of the Massachusetts Senate, remarked when Gov. **Bill Clinton** of Arkansas finally wound up his Dukakis nominating speech, "I was a young man when he began to talk."

You may not see this on the front page of your favorite daily or on the evening news, but independent counsel **Lawrence Walsh** says his 18-month investigation of Irangate has produced *no evidence* that President **Ronald Reagan** or Vice President Bush knew of the diversion of Iran arms-sales profits to the Contras. . . . **Faith Whittlesey** has resigned as Ambassador to Switzerland and returned to Washington to help out in Bush campaign. Mrs. Whittlesey was particularly effective in her penultimate job, as White House Director of Public Liaison, in building grassroots support for Reagan's Central America policies. . . . White House press spokesman **Marlin Fitzwater** gave tart response to reporters who asked about **Teddy Kennedy**'s "Where was George?" speech: "George was cutting taxes, not raising them," he said. "George was defending America, not tearing it down." . . . Faint praise department: When **Margaret Thatcher** was asked about Michael Dukakis earlier this summer, she replied that she didn't know him but had read a great deal about him, and added: "I know there are some things I read about myself that are not always accurate."

Influential *Le Figaro*, summing up Moscow Summit, made the point that while it is true that the Soviet Union is changing, "it is also true that the firmness displayed by the U.S. President at the beginning of his reign strongly contributed to the change." Polls indicate both the French and the West Germans approved of Reagan's speaking out on human rights in Moscow; the Brits didn't, by 53 to 43 per cent. . . . In Central America, Salvadoran President **José Napoleón Duarte** has charged that Sandinistas have failed to comply with last year's regional peace plan. They have "regressed to Marxist totalitarianism," he says. . . . Meanwhile in Managua, Interior Minister **Tomás Borge**, having imprisoned the leaders of four opposition parties for six months (without benefit of trial), says the police will use "institutional violence" to suppress future protests.

Stan Evans's National Journalism Center's 12-week fall internship program starts Sept. 19. Students get practical training in research, writing, and editing, plus experience working under professional journalists in Washington. They are paid $100 a week. For info, contact Evans, **Chris Warden**, or **Mal Kline** at 800 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington D.C. 20002.

Shortly after Rep. **Newt Gingrich** blew the whistle on Speaker **Jim Wright**, a clipping from a Utah paper was passed around Capitol cloakrooms calling Gingrich "hypocrite of the week" for embracing a Washington "bimbo" at 10:30 P.M. the previous Thursday on Pennsylvania Ave. "That was no bimbo," responded Gingrich, "that was my wife." It was.

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THE WEEK

☐ MISSING PERSONS DEPT. Ted Kennedy treated the Atlanta crowd to his rousing "Where was George?" refrain on the 19th anniversary of the night when the question was "Where is Teddy?"

☐ In his acceptance speech Michael Dukakis promised "nominees to the federal bench . . . who understand the Constitution of the United States." If the Bork fight is any indication, that means nominees who understand the Constitution as the Kennedys, Bidens, and Specters of the world understand it (anything else would be "outside the mainstream," don't you know). The point is not a light one. Three liberal Justices—Marshall, Brennan, and Blackmun—have been hanging on by their fingernails, deferring retirement until Reagan should be gone. A fourth, not a dogmatic liberal—White—is also long in the tooth. The question of who would fill those vacancies may well be the determining factor in the minds of conservatives who have not yet made their peace with George Bush. As a friend remarked the other day: Bush may not deserve to be President; but we don't deserve to be ruled by a Dukakis Court.

☐ Though the Democrats in Atlanta reverently invoked the name of John F. Kennedy, none of the speakers was crazy enough to quote his inaugural address or cite his policy of cutting taxes. They remember him so fondly because they don't remember him so well.

☐ And that's the way it is. Or is it? That's what Brent Bozell's Media Research Center wanted to find out when it analyzed the networks' coverage of the Democratic convention. On an objectivity scale of 1 to 40, here are the results: NBC, 28; CNN, 27; ABC, 22; CBS 10. CBS's basement rating was due to Ed Bradley's comments that Dukakis "comes out strong on defense," Bruce Morton's pro-tax commentary, and Dan Rather's question to Dukakis's mother: "What were his first words as a child?" (Momma, Dadda) and "Did he ever come home at night maybe having one too many beers?" ABC ranked third because of Peter Jennings's comment that today's Democratic Party is "less liberal" than during JFK's time, and Jeff Greenfield's use of Robert Reich as a source without identifying him as a Dukakis advisor. But CNN gets the bonehead award and may have lost first place to NBC because of Linda Ellerbee: she "marred CNN coverage with an incomprehensible commentary on her experience in an OMNI restroom."

☐ Last year the D.C. Court of Appeals partially upheld a city ordinance requiring Georgetown University to provide campus resources to homosexual groups, even as it provides them to groups that gather for the purpose of saying the rosary. (The ruling stopped short of forcing the university to grant the homosexual groups "official recognition.") So Senator William Armstrong, the Colorado Republican, has sponsored an amendment cutting off federal funds to the District unless it revises its "human rights" ordinance to exempt religious institutions from submission to "gay rights." The amendment passed the Senate 58 to 33, despite the predictable blowhard opposition of such as Lowell Weicker ("It is nothing but good, old-fashioned, straightforward bigotry. This thing should go back down the sewer from which it came." Etc.). If it passes the House, gay rights will no longer trump religious freedom in the nation's capital.

☐ "Don't we really owe two countries an apology tonight?" asked Michael Kinsley on *Crossfire*. "One, of course, Iran, for killing 290 of their innocent civilians, and the other one, of course, the Soviet Union, for having accused them of a terrorist act when they did something remarkably similar to us several years ago?" Sort of makes you long for the good old days of moral equivalence, doesn't it?

Electoral Votes: 110

There's a place they call the oil patch
  From the bayous to L.A.
Which, John Connally can tell you,
  Fell upon an evil day.
Though they lived like maharajas,
  Helping Ronald Reagan win,
They've been scratching dirt like peasants
  Since the price of crude caved in.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

IF MICHAEL DUKAKIS ever becomes President, he's going to look back fondly on those halcyon days of his campaign. He will sit in the Oval Office and stare at that Swedish ivy plant crawling off the fireplace mantel and realize that he never had it so good as in the days after Atlanta.

And if he doesn't realize it, his erstwhile supporters will. Because being President is tough, and the problems a President has to deal with are not dispatched with stirring words and easy bromides. And being President Dukakis will be even tougher, because the centrifugal forces acting on the Democratic Party will have made it so.

As the price of a) winning a splintered party's nomination and b) winning the general election, candidate Dukakis has made himself into whatever you want him to be. If you're Joe Six-Pack, he's a tightwad who has used the same snowblower for 25 years. If you're Jesse, he's an old-fashioned (please don't say liberal) Democrat whose Administration will make it its supreme obligation to take care of the downtrodden and the disadvantaged, whoever they might be.

As the price of a) running the country and b) trying to keep his various and opposing constituencies happy, President Dukakis will disappoint almost everyone who elected him. The days when he could safely have it both ways will be but a bittersweet memory.

He will take office while the national debt tips the scales at about $2.6 trillion. Macroeconomic consequences be damned—Dukakis will have to do something about it. He will have to do something about it because, in the Democrats' rush to sound like Republicans, budget-balancing has become something of a priority. "In nine years, I've balanced nine more budgets than this Administration has and I've just balanced a tenth," Dukakis proclaimed in his nomination acceptance speech.

At the same time, he's going to have to move on some of those domestic programs he's crowing about—the kind that will enable everybody to tell him from a Republican. "We're going to invest in our urban neighborhoods," he promised in Atlanta. "We're going to work to revitalize small-town and rural America."

It will be quite a balancing act. Dukakis is getting a taste of what lies in store back in Boston, where the state legislature is picking over his budget for fiscal year 1989.

By now, most people know that his balanced-budget boasts are a bit of a bust. The state's $12-billion budget for fiscal year 1988, which ended June 30, was finally "balanced," but only after it soared some $417 million over the mark. We put the term "balanced" in advisory quotes because a big part of the balancing was achieved by some clever book-cooking: issuing bonds to finance scheduled maintenance while taking cash to plug the deficit from the very accounts—such as the "pothole fund"—that were supposed to be used for the scheduled maintenance in the first place. Call it borrowing from Peter to pay Paul. Or, at least, call it borrowing. If you borrow to fill a deficit, you merely shift that deficit to another set of books.

That, however, is a sideshow. In his battle of the budget for fiscal year 1989, Dukakis had endeavored to close a shortfall that has threatened to drift past the $300-million range in three ways. First, he has vetoed some $138 million in spending. Secondly, he has held up an additional $59 million in appropriations until the state legislature approves some of his revenue proposals—for example, a "bottle-deposit escheat" that allows the state to seize unclaimed refunds on soft-drink bottles. And, thirdly, he signed a bill that raised $40 million in new cigarette taxes.

Naturally, those moves provoked howls from the legislature and from the various special interests whose oxen had been gored. Dukakis vetoed, for example, funds for the commonwealth's special Commission on Hispanic Affairs. "As a Latino professional, I feel betrayed by Dukakis," the commission's director, Angel Guadalupe, told the *Boston Globe*. Guadalupe went on to characterize Dukakis as "hypocritical" for appealing to Hispanic votes throughout the nation even while dissolving the commission at home.

Also zapped by the governor's veto pen was $91 million in local aid to cities and towns. (What was that about "invest[ing] in our urban neighborhoods" and "revitaliz[ing] small-town and rural America"?)

Indeed, a look at the list of items that Dukakis crossed out of his budget makes him look like a veritable Simon Legree, a man as cruel and heartless and unfeeling about the poor as . . . as the Democrats' image of Ronald Reagan. There's the $300,000 program to control rats in Boston neighborhoods —slashed in half. There's the $7.5 million cut out of the state's contribution to a fund that pays for health care for the uninsured poor. There's the $600,000 that the Chelsea Soldiers' Home has been ordered to cut out of its budget, thus necessitating the end of its acute-care program.

It may well be that Dukakis had no choice but to veto the particular $138 million he did veto. Perhaps these were very sensible, even courageous cuts to make. Cato doesn't know.

But the predicament those hard choices put him in suggests the rather delicious dilemmas a President Dukakis might face a year hence. Michael, best wishes in the big leagues. —CATO

☐ Verification is off to a grand start. Eight members of the first group (numbering a couple of hundred) of Soviet INF verifiers have been marked RETURN TO SENDER by U.S. authorities. They're all well-known KGB and GRU intelligence agents.

☐ A Cuban defector says there are offensive MiG-23 aircraft on Cuban soil—if so, a violation of the Kennedy-Khrushchev agreement of 1962. Defector Rafael del Piño, a former Cuban general, said there are "24 MiG-23s . . . that are nuclear-ready. They are completely ready to deliver nuclear bombs. They have all the switches, all the wiring, all the equipment necessary . . ." Other sources report that members of the Nicaraguan military are being trained in Eastern Europe in similar MiG-23s. If some of these planes are

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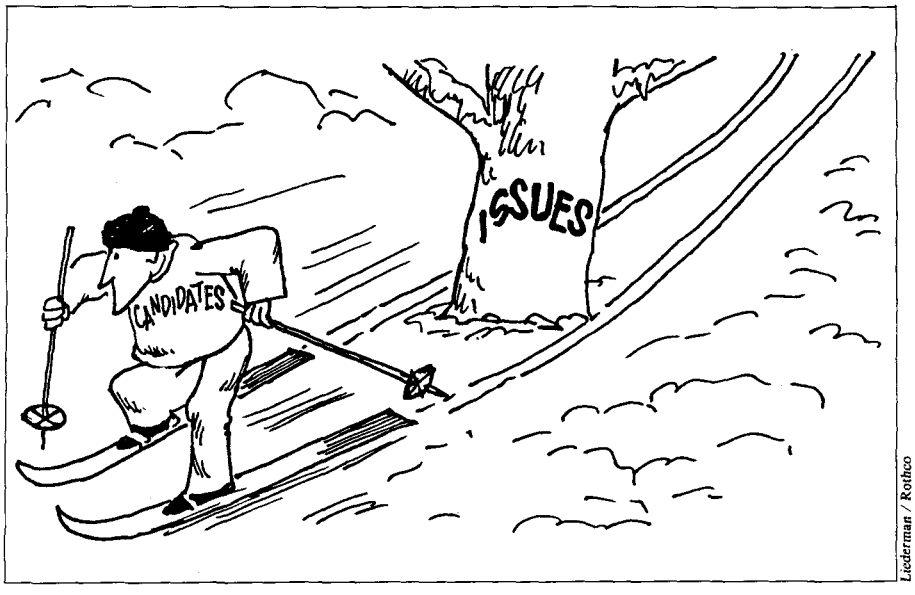
shipped to Nicaragua, "I would say that the President would take action," commented one Administration official. Del Piño was quoted as saying, "We in Cuba laughed at how Castro made a fool of the Carter Administration by violating the Kennedy-Khrushchev agreement."

☐ Ne Win, the 77-year-old ruler of Burma, stepped down, he says, because "I'm indirectly responsible for . . . the bloodshed in March and June." He was referring to the riots against the government in those months; he did not mention his 26 years of oppression and thievery. (A chartered plane loaded with gold and headed for Switzerland almost failed to lift off the runway.) Burma's $200 per-capita annual income, $3-billion debt, and growing black market are results of his regime's isolationism, military control, and socialist economics. The Burma Socialist Party has now rejected Ne Win's call for a referendum on ending one-party rule, and announced that Sein Lwin, commander of the forces that quashed the anti-government riots, is the chosen successor.

☐ GOOD NEWS IS BAD NEWS DEP'T: "Jobs Growth Fuels Fear of Recession."—Headline, *U.S.A. Today*, July 11.

☐ Carl Rowan managed to get through a discussion of the *Vincennes* incident on *Inside Washington* the other night without using the expression "trigger-happy." He's growing.

☐ Chalk up another one for conservative collegiate publications. The Tarheels of the University of North Carolina have just finished their first year of publishing *The Carolina Critic*. For crisply laid-out, incisive commentary from a libertarian perspective, write to *The Carolina Critic*, 604 Tinkerbell Road, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.



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☐ The Lifers Group, described by first-degree murderer and board member William Doucette as a "non-profit, tax-exempt organization which works for the betterment of murderers," has endorsed Dukakis's prison-furlough program.

☐ A little tiff has broken out as to whether the U.S. Army can continue to ship anthrax and botulism bacteria and dengue-fever viruses through the U.S. mails. Somebody is always fretting about something.

☐ Incidentally, Jeremy Rifkin butted into the dispute with his usual exaggeration, to which an Army spokesman replied, "Jeremy Rifkin is from Mars." That would explain a great deal.

☐ On a personal note, we are sorry to report that Jeffrey Hart, one of our more fiery editors, was bitten by a feral cat in the woods of New Hampshire. One of them is being treated for rabies.

Bush at Bat

GEORGE BUSH's first major address after the Democratic convention was pregnant with signs for his coming campaign. Unfortunately for augurs, the signs were mixed.

The proposal he made—for a refundable tax credit of $1,000 per child under the age of four—was a straight shot at what must be his biggest target for the fall: social conservatives. Forget the gender gap; forget big state A, or region B. Bush will float or sink according to his ability to hold Reagan Democrats. Actually, "Reagan Democrats" is a misnomer, since these people began deserting their party as long ago as 1968, as much repelled by the prospect of social decay as they were lured by promises of economic boom. A program which gives a break to families without meddlesome government intrusion—the congressional Democrats' child-care proposal, which Dukakis has endorsed "in concept," is another federal program, funneling money directly into licensed day-care centers—is a plausible bid for the support of this group.

So where did Bush choose to make the bid? Before an annual convention of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, a yup-scale group which chanted "E-R-A, E-R-A" as he left the room. Surely there are conservative women's groups he could have spoken to? Surely there

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A New Missile Threat

FOR FIVE YEARS the U.S. and the USSR have been bickering over violations of the ABM Treaty. The Soviets claim we are planning to violate the treaty with SDI tests in space. We say the Soviets already have violated the treaty, and in a most egregious manner, by building a mammoth radar at Krasnoyarsk of a kind and in a place specifically outlawed by the treaty.

But, as so often happens, technicians have rendered the political arguments moot. The ABM Treaty says that the U.S. and the USSR guarantee to keep themselves essentially defenseless against a nuclear attack. The idea is to discourage the use of nuclear weapons by making each superpower so vulnerable that it will never dare use its own nuclear weapons for fear of the devastating retaliation that would follow.

The framers of the treaty were not concerned so much with the odd bomb that could be smuggled into the U.S. in, say, a bale of marijuana. They were worried about the kind of attack that can massacre the population of an entire nation—a massive assault using thousands of nuclear weapons. The only way such large numbers of nuclear weapons can be delivered deep into the heart of the U.S. or USSR is by bombers, cruise missiles—or ballistic missiles. Bombers and cruise missiles are too slow to be suitable for a surprise attack, but ballistic missiles can deliver their deadly payloads in as little as ten minutes. Ballistic missiles are the problem.

The ABM Treaty writers therefore focused on the missiles, and not just the nuclear warheads. They reasoned that if the superpowers were forbidden to erect defenses against missiles, each could make do with a small number of missiles and warheads and still be safe, because the other superpower would know it would face a crushing retaliation if it attacked.

And so it was done.

The ABM Treaty has its own internal logic, but it depended on some technical assumptions. These assumptions, which were valid at the time, were that only the superpowers could build weapons of mass destruction, and only the superpowers could build the missiles needed to deliver them. In other words, the U.S. and USSR had complete control of the situation. They could broker a deal on ABM defenses between them.

Enter the technicians. Today *15* non-European nations have built, bought, or are developing their own ballistic missiles. The list comprises Argentina, Brazil, China, Egypt, India, Iran, Iraq, Israel, Libya, North Korea, Pakistan, Saudi Arabia, South Korea, South Yemen, and Syria. The technology needed to build nuclear warheads has eluded all but two of these countries thus far, but chemical and biological weapons—cheap, easy to build, and even more horrible—are widely available. One hundred pounds of anthrax can kill a quarter of a million people. These deadly weapons require only drugstore technology and are widely available to Third World countries.

Five nations on the list of ballistic-missile powers are implacably hostile to the United States and its allies. Two have committed terrorist acts of aggression against us. For these nations, the ballistic missile mated to a biological warhead is very alluring because it gives them the ability to strike deep into the enemy's homeland. In the absence of missile defense, a small country with this weapon has a military power that even the superpowers must respect.

The missiles becoming available to these nations have ranges that go up to 1,800 miles even if they carry a heavy nuclear warhead. These missiles can reach Israel or Italy from Libya—or reach Washington from ships that stay well outside our territorial waters. If the nuclear warhead is replaced by a lightweight but deadly biological weapon, the range can be considerably greater. The prospect is frightening.

As ballistic-missile technology spreads, nations under the gun are beginning to think of ABM defenses. In Israel the thought has given way to action. Time is short, with Israeli intelligence reporting that Syria is already stockpiling nerve gas for use with its Soviet SS-21 missiles. Israeli scientists are working as hard as they can on a missile—the Arrow—that shoots down other missiles. The arguments among American physicists about perfect and imperfect defenses have little meaning for Israel and other threatened nations. In the real world, every life saved is a plus.

The consequence of increasing technological sophistication in the Third World is that ballistic-missile technology, far from being the unique possession of the two superpowers, has become commonplace. The spread of missiles around the globe invalidates the premises on which the ABM Treaty was based. The vulnerability imposed by the treaty, which was intended to strengthen American security by stabilizing Soviet-American relations, has created a peril for the U.S. and its friends that was unforeseen when the treaty was signed.

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The Dukakis Miracle

MICHAEL DUKAKIS retains an aura of miracle-maker despite clear evidence that Massachusetts government spending has been less than marvelous during his administrations.

FEDERAL AND STATE SPENDING TRENDS

(In Billions)

Fiscal Year	All States Federal	All States Ex-Mass.	Mass.	
1979	$ 503.5	$322.3	$ 5.2	
1983	808.3	459.3	7.1	
1986	989.8	580.5	9.7	
1987	1,014.0	625.1	10.9	
PERCENTAGE INCREASE/(DECREASE)				
1979-83	60.5	42.5	35.6	Gov. King
Real Terms	16.6	3.6	(1.4)	"
1983-87	25.4	36.1	53.5	Gov. Dukakis
Real Terms	10.0	19.4	34.8	"

During the last four fiscal years, under Michael Dukakis, Massachusetts's spending rose 53.5 per cent, more than twice the federal rate and nearly 50 per cent higher than the spending increase in the other 49 states.

Under his predecessor, state spending *fell* 1.4 per cent in real terms during a period when the Feds were spending 16.6 per cent more, and other states 3.6 per cent more. That austerity permitted a tax reduction from 17.6 per cent of personal income in the last year of Dukakis's first term (1978) to 14.8 per cent in Governor Edward King's last budget.

But Taxachusetts is now back: At the end of Dukakis's second term the state's personal-income-tax burden was $680 per capita, more than twice the national average ($313), and second only to New York's $700 under Mario Cuomo. Last year, citizens of Massachusetts paid total state taxes of $1,446 per capita, nearly triple the per-capita tax in neighboring New Hampshire, and larger even than New York's tax.

While it's true that Massachusetts has participated in New England's remarkable high-tech economic renaissance, state government cannot claim credit. In fact, the New England states in general invest less public revenue in research and development than any other region in the United States.

The economic impetus derives primarily from private-sector entrepreneurship, aided by the highest concentration of professional and skilled technical workers in the United States. With only 5.3 per cent of the nation's population in 1982, New England produced 8.3 per cent of all science PhDs, 11.0 per cent of physics PhDs, 9.3 per cent of MBAs, and 27.2 per cent of professional engineering degrees, the great majority remaining in the region after graduation. All this achieved by private institutions unfettered by state or regional manpower-planning initiatives. —ED RUBENSTEIN

are. But probably no one on the Bush staff has ever heard of them.

The choice of venue reflects the themeless mushiness which has been the bane of George Bush's career. He has a tropism for the defensive, a will to apologize. Is the Democratic Party sold—lock, stock and barrel—to the teachers' lobbies? Then say you want to be the Education President. Do the gay lobbies demand the equivalent of a Normandy landing on AIDS research? Then announce how deeply you favor the confidentiality of AIDS tests. Women restive? Plug equal pay for equal work as a "right" (it's right there, in the Fourteenth-and-a-Half Amendment).

The problem is not that any of these positions are necessarily incorrect. It is that they fail to answer the question, Where is George?

Dukakis declared in Atlanta that this election was not about ideology, but about competence. This cunning formulation indicates that he knows perfectly well that it is really about ideology—which is more than Bush's men seem to know.

The Sixth Deadly Sin

THE DEMOCRATS are gearing up for a class-war campaign. Never mind that Big Lloyd Bentsen could have bought and sold Prescott Bush, or even that Frugal Mike will come into a cool million when he inherits his trust funds. The Democrats have found their target, and its name is "Kennebunkport" (see also "The Mike & Jesse Show," p. 35).

The gravamen of their complaint, apart from George Bush's comfortable circumstances, is that under the Reagan-era tax cuts, the wealthy—the Bush class, as it were—somehow got off scot-free. Conveniently, the Manhattan Institute has just published a pamphlet by Harvard economist Lawrence Lindsey, analyzing the effects of those cuts.

The most striking effect was that the wealthy now shoulder a bigger share of the tax burden. "A recent Congressional Budget Office study comparing 1977 tax receipts with 1988 estimates determined that the

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share of 1988 income taxes paid by taxpayers in the top 5 per cent of the income distribution should rise by 11 per cent. . . . For the top 1 per cent of income earners, the share should rise by 22 per cent —from 20 to nearly 24 cents of each income-tax dollar paid."

The tax cuts also seem to have increased social mobility. The yardstick here is dividends and interest—the traditional income source of *rentiers*. In 1975, the top 2 per cent of taxpayers made 27.8 per cent of their income by clipping coupons. By 1983, this had sunk to 18.6 per cent. Wages, as a source of income, rose from under 50 per cent, to over 55 per cent.

So. If the rich are contributing more to the tax pie, and if their wealth is coming more and more from entrepreneurial activity, what do the Democrats resent? It can only be the *fact* of wealth.

It used to be called Envy. See the appropriate canto in the *Inferno*.

Death, Democrats, and Taxes

THE DEMOCRATS added a new verb to Harry Hopkins's tax-spend-elect litany in Atlanta, and that was "hush." So sedulously did they avoid the T-word that the media, extraordinarily favorable in its coverage overall, joked about it. The only ones to rustle the curtain of silence were the Jacksonites, who offered an amendment to the platform which pledged "not to propose tax increases on middle- and low-income Americans" (they proposed instead to soak the rich: "we will return taxes on the very richest Americans to their 1977 levels"). But even this was too much for the convention's managers, and although the amendment was debated—in a late-afternoon time slot when no one was watching—it was defeated by a 2 to 1 margin.

Instead of the T-word, we got the I-word: invest. "We believe that it is time for America," the platform declared, "within a strong commitment to fiscal responsibility [figleaf], to re-assert progressive values and re-invest in its people" and "to invest in new priorities." And what might those be? It's all in the fine print: "targeted economic development" (i.e., industrial policy, a great Dukakis favorite); "sound water management" (pork-barrel water projects, of the kind Reagan vetoed a year and a half ago); "education and housing" (little words, big items); "accelerated research" on AIDS: "hundreds of thousands of family farmers obtaining a fair price," and millions of non-farmers paying for it; and on and on. By way of general economic meddling, the platform also calls for "fair trade" (protectionism) and "reversing the trend of . . . deregulation."

The most enduring political legacy of Reaganism, it seems plain, was the across-the-spectrum demonizing of taxation. But the impulse to call for more government activity was not so stigmatized. The activity itself certainly wasn't stigmatized, as a glance at the budgets of the Eighties shows.

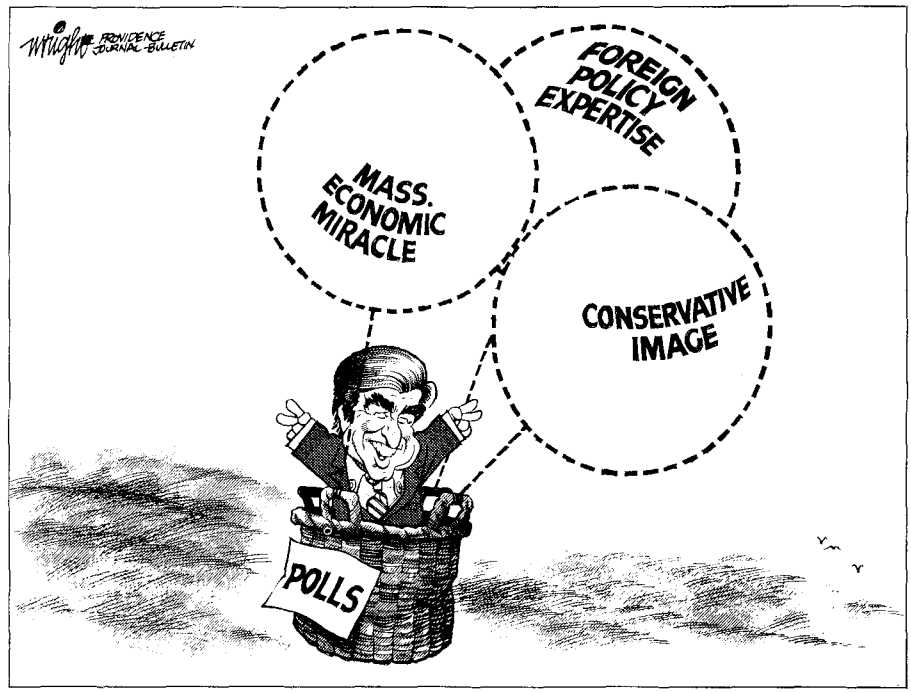
The Democrats thus find themselves in an awkward position. They must say that the Reagan Administration didn't do enough, but they cannot say that a Dukakis Administration will cost more. Hence their evasions. Who wills the ends dare not will the means.

Wooould You Believe . . . ?

REMEMBER MAXWELL SMART, television's hapless spy of yesteryear, who, when caught red-handed at some bit of slapstick espionage, would invariably trot out a series of preposterous explanations punctuated with the drawling interrogatory, "Wooould you believe . . . ?" The Soviet Union—whose bag of dirty tricks is no laughing matter—reminds one of nothing so much as Maxwell Smart in its madcap posturing over the Krasnoyarsk radar.

This is the Large Phased Array Radar (LPAR) facility, the equivalent of several football fields in size, which the Soviets have been building in Siberia in direct violation of the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty. Since the U.S. first detected this monster in 1983 and began to complain about the breach of the ABM accord, the Soviets have tried out the following lines:

—*Wooould you believe:* this radar—despite the fact



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that it is identical to radars located elsewhere that the Soviets admit are for tracking ballistic missiles—is not for that purpose at all? Even the sizable community of Soviet apologists in this country had a difficult time accepting that the Krasnoyarsk radar was built only to observe satellites and other objects flying through space and, therefore, was legal thanks to a loophole in the ABM Treaty.

—*Woooould you believe:* this radar is no more illegal than two early-warning radars the United States is modernizing in Greenland and the UK? This argument played a bit better with the blame-America-first crowd, but ultimately it and the corollary (we'll take Krasnoyarsk down if you'll take down your *two* new radars) proved to be as unpersuasive as they were groundless.

—*Wooould you believe:* this problem will be eliminated by the Soviet Union's pausing in the construction of the radar and trotting a gaggle of sympathetic congressmen through the Krasnoyarsk complex? Unfortunately for the USSR, even Representative Tom Downey was obliged to call a spade a spade; construction hiatus or no, the Potemkin field trip simply produced more evidence that the radar was an ABM Treaty-buster.

—*Wooould you believe:* that the radar was a dreadful mistake made when the military ran amok during the bad old (read: pre-Gorbachev) days; the new leadership of the Soviet Union bears no responsibility for malefactions of the *ancien régime*; and the white hats in the Kremlin certainly have no intention of violating the ABM Treaty. The problems with this line are: 1) there is no evidence to support it and 2) it does not alter the fact of the on-going violation.

—Most recently, Moscow's very own Maxwell Smart, senior arms-control negotiator Viktor Karpov, tried yet another gambit: *Wooould you believe:* we will stop violating the ABM Treaty by tearing down the Krasnoyarsk radar if you will kill the SDI program? The "modest" *quid* the Soviets now seek is U.S. accession to an interpretation of the treaty under which it is virtually impossible to explore space-based missile defenses.

With this last ploy the Soviets may have hit paydirt. Despite the official—and entirely correct—U.S. reaction that the Soviets have no business haggling over the price they should get for eliminating this violation, many in Washington believe this is a price we have already agreed to pay as part of an agreement reducing strategic nuclear arms. If we can get the USSR to throw in the dismantling of Krasnoyarsk to boot, so this reasoning goes, all the better.

In reality, Krasnoyarsk is but the tip of the iceberg. The breadth and scale of Soviet strategic-defense efforts suggests that, even if this travesty were to end with the radar's destruction, it will simply delay, not prevent, the Soviets' eventual deployment of a territorial ABM system entirely inconsistent with the treaty. Believing the Krasnoyarsk radar should come down is one thing; believing that, if it does, the "integrity of the ABM Treaty" will be restored—and a sound basis created for cashiering the SDI program—is self-delusion.

A United States of Europe?

THE PROPOSAL to create an economic union of European nations by 1992 makes a good deal of sense as a purely economic abstraction; however, politics make the end result quite ambiguous. The purpose of such a union would be to capture for Europeans the sorts of advantages we enjoy because of interstate commerce among our own United States. But to approach that ideal, there could be virtually no barriers to the flow of people, capital, or goods among the various European nations. That means there could be no major differences among the European nations' tax systems, welfare benefits, or currencies. If tax rates were much more attractive in one country, for example, then other countries would lose skilled people and capital. If one currency held its value better than others, then investors from other countries would keep more of their funds in that country's banks and securities, thus making interest rates relatively high elsewhere.

The move toward a single currency has already been roughly approximated, by limiting exchange-rate changes within the European Currency Union. If there were literally *no* scope allowed for exchange-rate changes, then European currencies would be identical, so there would be no role for any *national* monetary manipulations. All of the difficulties of changing money would disappear, and Europe could enjoy the simplicity of sharing a common currency—just like the United States. A common currency facilitates commerce, as a common language does.

As of now, the United Kingdom is resisting *formal* currency union, though paying a high price in the form of perpetually higher interest rates. Yet the UK has lately been keeping a very close eye on the re-

It Came from Atlanta

It isn't a Triumvirate,
  While Threesome's just too rude;
The Trinity sounds blasphemous
  And Troika I'll exclude.
I've tinkered with Trilateral
  And toyed with TV Three,
But it's a puzzlement to place
  This curiosity.

W. H. VON DREELE

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lationship between the pound and the mark, tightening the flow of money when the pound falls and easing it when the pound rises. Britain's actions belie its words.

As for unified tax systems, the key question is whether all European countries would move toward Britain's low marginal rates, or whether they would move toward the very high tax rates of many Continental countries. Currently, Austria, Belgium, the Netherlands, and even Sweden are moving toward significantly lower tax rates, but the gaps nonetheless remain too wide for an effective union.

The United States should welcome anything that revives the sleepy economies of the Continent, since those countries could be important customers for the goods of both North and South America, as well as Asia, Australia, and Africa. Yet there is a real risk that free trade *within* Europe would be accompanied, at least initially, by increased protectionism toward the rest of the world. As with the admirable free-trade agreement between the U.S. and Canada, and a similar agreement between Australia and New Zealand, what is liberalizing within the European bloc could turn out to be Balkanizing for the world. The spirit behind such efforts simply needs to be enlarged, so that the whole world can benefit from the opening of markets, reduction of tax rates and regulations, and predictability of currency values.

A Government as Good as . . .

PERHAPS IT WAS the influence of Jimmy Carter, present in the flesh. But one paragraph of Michael Dukakis's acceptance speech brought back a true whiff of the last Democratic President.

"In the Dukakis White House, as in the Dukakis Statehouse, if you accept the privilege of public service, you had better understand the responsibilities of public service. If you violate that trust, you'll be fired; if you violate the law, you'll be prosecuted."

What was so Carterian about the statement was not the sentiment—every honest politician thinks so, which, to be sure, is not every politician—but the sweep and the prominence of it. Dukakis has set up executive purity as one of the main criteria by which he wishes to be judged. As Howie Carr shows ("The Duke at Home," p. 32), more than one person connected with the Dukakis statehouse has fallen short—without being fired or prosecuted. Dukakis has given a large hostage to fortune.

The other Carter-like aspect of this attitude, along with the resolute denial of sin in oneself, is the eagerness to impute sin to others—sometimes when it doesn't even exist. One of the major issues in Dukakis's comeback campaign against conservative Democrat Ed King in 1982 was the corruption of the King administration. As Mr. Carr says, the charges were trumped up. That is not only his judgment. Ted Harrington, a veteran of Bobby Kennedy's Justice Department and a prominent foe of corruption in Massachusetts, joined in the hue and cry against King and supported Dukakis's return to office. But after the election he came to realize "that the whole revenue scandal of 1982 was nothing more than an election-year dirty trick, and I am only sorry that I allowed myself to get used in it." Harrington, in disgust, ran for Massachusetts attorney general, and was appointed to the federal bench by President Reagan.

Moralizing has a way of blowing up in politicians' faces. No sooner had Walter Mondale geared up for a campaign based on the "sleaze factor," than we began to read all about John Zaccaro's cronies, and the vice-presidential nominee's role as an officer of her husband's corporation at a time when it was engaged in transparently fraudulent operations. The track record of moralizers in the White House—Wilson, Carter—is uniformly bad. Dukakis promises to extend the streak.

Proboscis and All

Like the elephant that went
Trunk-first underneath the tent,
Pulling at the ropes and stakes
Till the canvas got the shakes,
Jesse Jackson's pushed inside,
And he's difficult to hide.

W. H. VON DREELE

Irresponsible and Unethical

NATIONAL REVIEW has taken the position that Edwin Meese's resignation as Attorney General was, under the circumstances, a political necessity. It remains to be said that the real ethical scandal in the Meese case was the conduct of the independent prosecutor, James McKay.

Waiving the question whether the many illegal leaks to the press along the way emanated from McKay's office, it is nonetheless clear that McKay vastly exceeded his mandate by moving from the original charges concerning Meese's ties to the Wedtech Corporation and launching a further inquiry into the Aqaba pipeline matter. At last he concluded, with obvious regret, that Meese should not be prosecuted; but he couldn't resist uttering his opinion that Meese had committed four trivial technical violations of *other* laws.

Meese's outrage is entirely justified. Experts who have studied the McKay report find in it no justification for McKay's inferences. McKay has stained Meese's reputation, while withholding from him and

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his lawyers access to the evidence that might enable them to clear it.

In his defense, Meese cited the earlier report of the Watergate Special Prosecutor, which said in part:

> Most important, in terms of the American constitutional system of government, is the notion of fundamental fairness for those who, after investigation, have not been charged with any criminal misconduct. This consideration is particularly important for a Special Prosecutor, whose independence considerably reduces his accountability and who must be unusually sensitive to possible abuses of his power. It is a basic axiom of our system of justice that every man is innocent unless proven guilty after judicial proceedings designed to protect his rights and to ensure a fair adjudication of the charges against him. Where no such charges are brought, it would be irresponsible and unethical for a prosecutor to issue a report suggesting criminal conduct on the part of an individual who has no effective means of challenging the allegations against him or of requiring the prosecutor to establish such charges beyond a reasonable doubt.

McKay's conduct has been a boon to Meese's most unscrupulous detractors, e.g., Edward Kennedy, who dangled Meese's name at the Democratic convention, eliciting roars of outrage at the very *idea* of a powerful man using his office to commit and cover up heinous acts.

Laurence W. Beilenson, R I P

LAURENCE WELLMAN BEILENSON, author of *The Treaty Trap*, *Power through Subversion*, and *Survival and Peace in the Nuclear Age*, was born in Helena, Arkansas, in 1899, the son of a Lithuanian Jew. When his father sent him north to school, to Phillips Andover, it was with a warning about something he hadn't experienced in the South: anti-Semitism. No one really knew what caused it, his father said, but it had been around a long time. He advised his son that the best way to fight it was by example.

The young man did his best to take his father's advice, and he excelled at Harvard College and Harvard Law School, as he had at Andover, once his education was resumed after World War I. He took his new law degree west, ending up in Los Angeles just as the golden age of Hollywood was dawning.

He started advising actors on their efforts to unionize and, in 1933, became the founding attorney of the Screen Actors Guild. By the end of the 1930s, his career was soaring, and he was happily married. Then came World War II. He had some difficulty convincing the U.S. Army that it needed the services of a 42-year-old lawyer; but by war's end, he was a U.S. liaison officer with the Chinese army and had been awarded, among other medals, the Silver Star for gallantry in action.

In 1946, he was back in Los Angeles practicing law. Though he knew the brightest stars of Hollywood—his clients included Groucho Marx, John Garfield, Greta Garbo, Gregory Peck, and Ronald Reagan—and had hundreds of Hollywood stories, he never betrayed a confidence. He represented Ronald Reagan in his divorce from Jane Wyman, and the only comment I ever heard from him about it was that it was the most amicable divorce he was ever involved in.

In 1960, he ended his legal practice and applied himself to the study of history, working ten hours a day, five and often six days a week, at the UCLA library. The result, nine years later, was *The Treaty Trap*, a meticulously documented examination of how treaties don't prevent nations from starting wars. Among the book's many admirers is Mr. Reagan, who has quoted from it frequently.

In 1972 came *Power through Subversion*—an investigation of how power is seized and kept, with particular attention paid to the methods of Lenin—and, in 1980, *Survival and Peace in the Nuclear Age*, which advocated the withdrawal of U.S. forces from NATO.

Not long after *Survival and Peace* was published, Larry was diagnosed as having lung cancer. Doctors gave him no more than a year, but he had a powerful incentive to live: his beloved wife, Gerda, suffering from Alzheimer's disease, needed him. Larry underwent chemotherapy, and he exercised, and he lived. Gerda died in 1985, with her husband at her side.

After Gerda's death, Larry immersed himself even more in his work. He continued to write articles, for this and other publications. But he would not write the book the publishers implored him to write, a memoir of his Hollywood years. He felt no need for the money or the fame.

The need he did feel was to reach more Americans with his message of how the United States could remain free. He believed this was all he had to say that was important. But for those who knew him, his life said even more. —KEVIN LYNCH

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Bill:

I'm a columnist for the *Gloucester County Times*, a daily in Woodbury, N.J., and I've begun to feel very left out when it comes to national holidays.

I'm not a secretary, a graduate, a mother, or a father, and no one sends greeting cards for Veterans Day. So, what did I do? I recklessly declared a new holiday: Columnists Day, June 28.

I know! I know! There's not enough time to get Hallmark to whip up any nifty cards and it's too late to work out a joint promotion deal with Tele Flora or FTD, but I've opened my big mouth in print and now I've got to back it up somehow.

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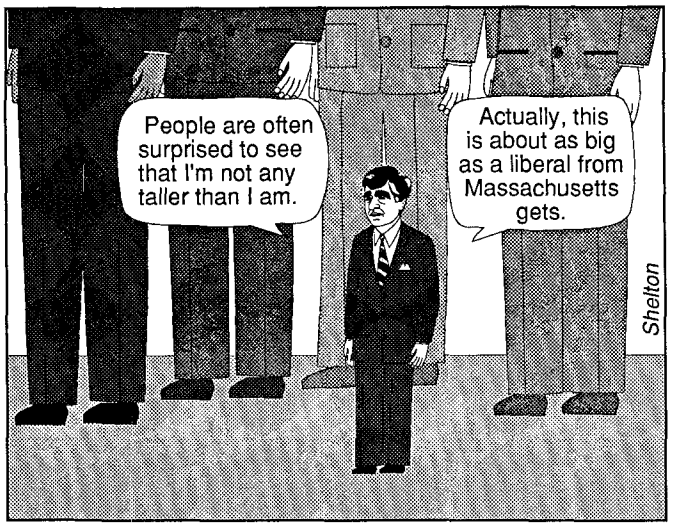
People are often surprised to see that I'm not any taller than I am.
Actually, this is about as big as a liberal from Massachusetts gets.
Shelton

That's why I'm asking for your help. Do you think you could find it in your nationally syndicated heart to send me your best wishes for a Happy Columnists Day? I know it's short notice and I realize that it is extremely shabby to beg felicitations for myself, but, what the heck! I like to keep my readers entertained and I'll shamefully resort to just about any degradation in pursuit of that goal.

A simple "Happy Columnists Day, Jim" would be terrific, but I'll welcome any other message you want to send along.

Oh, and in case I forget: Have *yourself* a Happy Columnists Day on June 28!

Best wishes and much thanks,
Jim Six
Woodbury, N.J.

Dear Mr. Six: Damn, I missed the deadline (I was abroad). But I do wish that, on June 28, you had a Happy Columnists Day, as I certainly did given that I was on vacation from column-writing for one precious week. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Bill:

I thought my piece on Shoreham looked very well in the June 24 issue. It is always a pleasure to do business with you folks.

With one exception. My ms. spoke of the "swingeing" inflation and interest rates that afflicted Shoreham. One of your associates has paid me the compliment of treating me as if I were Shakespeare, and my text as received as not really my own but much corrupted by players and copyists. Apparently assuming that "swingeing" must have been an error, an editor has resorted to what the textual editors—who cannot pick up the phone and check with the author—call a conjectural emendation: "swinging."

For my choice of "swingeing" I make no apologies; it appears in dictionaries respectable and otherwise, and without claiming to be Flaubert, I can modestly say it is the *mot juste*.

"Swinging," unfortunately, will not do. It does not pass as a reasonable choice, even if not my own. If it is taken to mean "oscillating," there is nothing particularly troublesome about an inflation rate that swings between .004 per cent and .02 per cent. To use the word in the sense of "with it" would be at once slangy and obscurantist.

Given the range of your vocabulary, I would think this sort of thing must happen even to you occasionally. But perhaps standing orders are that no one at *NR* is to be *plus précisioniste que le roi.*

Editorially speaking, this is the sin against the Holy Ghost. But don't worry—I won't mention it in the next volume of my memoirs.

As ever,
Sam [McCracken]
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sam: To *swinge* (pronounced swinj): to beat, scourge, thrash. Our apologies. Cordially, Bill

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Please define "Latin America" for me, as discussed in the article entitled "The Eternal Latin American Crisis," in your issue of February 5, 1988 (photocopy enclosed).

In the second column, "Spanish America" is mentioned. How does that differ from "Latin America"?

What is "Latin America," and why does it have that name? Possibly it is related to the language spoken by the natives.

Yours very truly,
F. W. Rhinelander, MD
San Clemente, Calif.

Dear Dr. Rhinelander: Well, as far as we know, that's right. To be in Latin America, you need to be south of the U.S. border, speak Spanish or Portuguese, with maybe a little Dutch in Curaçao and French in Haiti, though there is a division of sentiment about Haiti. The line drawn by Pope Alexander VI was a little wobbly in those latitudes. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Bill:

As you no doubt recall, the essence of the Democratic Party's 1972 platform was pretty well summed up by the "Triple A" factor—"Acid, Amnesty, and Abortion."

And this year? It seems to me that the "Triple S" factor aptly describes the current Democratic whimwammery. Oh, you don't know? "Sodomy, Socialism, and Surrender to the Soviet Union."

Sincerely,
Ray Lowry
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Mr. Lowry: Gosh, I wish I had thought of that! Cordially, **—WFB**

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BUSH'S FALL STRATEGY

READING THE POLLS of spring and summer is an arcane science, especially when they oscillate wildly, as has happened this year. The key word used by George Bush's people to explain such vagaries is "ambivalence." On this view, voters take a while to seriously address the question of selecting another President. Answers to pollsters' early presidential-preference questions vary a lot precisely because they are not deeply considered.

How and when the electorate begins to take its choice of a President seriously is of great importance to political strategists. The thinking in the Bush camp is that the electorate is going to make its choice late, so a late campaign is what it will get. In fact, Lee Atwater, Bush's campaign manager, is banking on the voters' postponing their choice until October. Bush is expected to wind up with some $94 million in his war chest, and Atwater plans to conserve most of those funds until late, and then spend the lion's share of them on the precious asset of television advertising.

Now, tradition dictates that presidential campaigns open on Labor Day, and Bush will follow tradition. The campaign kickoff will be accompanied by a flight of television commercials to demonstrate that it is in earnest; but, in line with Atwater's thinking, the heavy political advertising will be held in reserve. On the same theory, Bush will try to schedule his debates with Dukakis early, preferably ending them by mid-October. Thus there will be ample time to recover with paid advertising should Dukakis score heavily against him at the podium—or, conversely, to capitalize on any Dukakis errors.

Meanwhile, September, for Bush, will be full of in-depth speeches on the issues; at that point, he will start leaving the job of attacking Dukakis to surrogates. And he will concentrate on his political base—the South, the Far West, and the heartland states—playing to his political strength while voter perceptions are forming, getting obligatory visits out of the way.

In October, Bush's schedule will shift toward the politically competitive, electoral-vote-laden states—notably California, Illinois, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. Pollster Bob Teeter's computers will spin daily tabulations on Bush's standing state-by-state, so that the campaign can fine-tune the candidate's schedule and themes, assuring him of at least the minimum 270 electoral votes needed to win (although of course Bush's people hope he will win a lot more than that). Media strategist Roger Ailes will be spending many hours in editing rooms, honing Bush's campaign commercials to the emerging political realities.

BUSH AND HIS strategists have no intention of accepting the terms of debate that Dukakis is trying to set. Remind the voters of Dukakis's liberalism, link him with the national Democratic Party candidates of the recent past: McGovern, Carter, Mondale—that's the Bush game. The taint of Democratic liberalism, so Bush's analysts believe, will keep the South solid for Bush, prevent any catastrophic losses in the West, and deliver the requisite Northeastern and Midwestern blue-collars and ethnics. Thus, rather than offer a languid electorate positive policy proposals of his own, Bush astutely has used the summer to drive up Dukakis's negative ratings.

It is no coincidence that, when the first head-to-head polls of spring showed him with a 16-point lead over Bush, Dukakis was relatively unknown nationally. One of the ironies of politics is that, to win, a candidate must become widely known—but he becomes vulnerable at precisely that moment. With little known about a candidate expect his name, his own campaign can easily project selective impressions about his record, personal qualities, and beliefs. By the same token, however, these impressions, being purely superficial, can be just as easily reversed by an adroit opponent—or even by the press, which characteristically turns on the front-runner it has just built up. If such new impressions are strong enough—as with Mondale's "Where's the beef?" taunt during Hart's post-New Hampshire surge—the candidacy may be smothered in its crib.

And so it has gone with Bush and Dukakis. As soon as the candidates had wrapped up their respective nominations, Bush was able to move in with some choice samples of the Dukakis record (crimes committed by the prisoners he had furloughed; Massachusetts taxing and spending during his governorship; his statements on military matters, especially his proposal to replace nuclear deterrence with an enormous build-up of conventional forces). The result: polls showing Dukakis's lead as having shrunk to single digits or even, in some instances, a dead heat.

On the evidence of this year's campaign so far, it appears that negative campaigning still works. The relative ambivalence and disengagement of the voters may make it hard for these attacks to stick—but, in that case, you can be sure that Atwater will have the money in the bank and the videotapes on the shelf to saturate the media markets of needed states.

Political campaigning requires judgment and decisiveness. Bush and his men have chosen their course. If they are right, Bush will become President, and Atwater, Ailes, and Teeter will be hailed as political geniuses. If they are wrong—or if the negative campaigning brings on terminal backlash—well, for A, A, and T, if not for Bush himself, there's always another election. □

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IT'S KEMP!

By the time you read this, George Bush may have named Alan Simpson, Peter Ueberroth, or Darryl Strawberry to run with him this fall. Such are the hazards of long magazine lead times . . . and presidential nominees with too much time on their hands. But if there's any political horse-sense resident in Kennebunkport, it's Kemp!

First, let's separate the women from the girls (this being an equal-opportunity journal). With the nomination bestowed in mid-August and the campaign in full swing by Labor Day, there is simply no time to prepare an amateur to deal with the full range of issues, foreign and domestic. Not even Evelyn Wood could get up to speed. So let's forget about the talk of Rudolph Giuliani (suggested by Mark Shields), Sandra Day O'Connor (Melvin Laird), Colin Powell (Robert Strauss), Peter Ueberroth (George Will), Jeane Kirkpatrick (okay, me, in weak moments). Voters demand that Veep candidates be prepared to be President starting January 21. These amateurs, however gifted, are not so perceived.

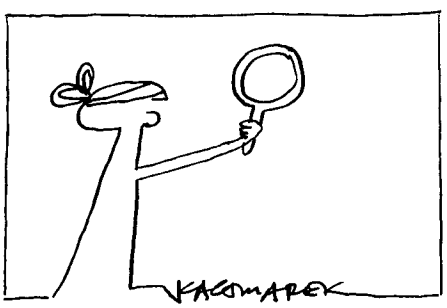
Then turn to the pros, the people who on a daily basis have been grappling with national issues, taking stands, calculating consequences. These prospects bear surface credibility and could persuade the electorate to suspend its disbelief for a week or two. Put in this group Senators Simpson and Nancy Kassebaum and (but for his recent health problems) Representative Dick Cheney. Three winning personalities, to be sure, but all unknown and untested in national campaigns and—the decisive point—incapable of giving the ticket a regional lift. (We pause to note the disproportionate contribution to national virtue of the Wyoming congressional delegation—Simpson, Cheney, and Malcolm Wallop. But three electoral votes are still three electoral votes.)

Turn finally to the governors, who might balance the mighty Bush résumé with front-line executive experience. Here the prospects include Governor James Thompson of Illinois and Thomas Kean of New Jersey. The killer argument against Thompson is that he would not be a dead lock to carry Illinois for Bush. *Adios.* And the knock on Kean, in my view, is that no ticket should have more than one candidate who is in the line of succession for the British crown.

Which brings us, as Richard Nixon told us all along, to the real candidates: Bob Dole, George Deukmejian, and Jack Kemp. All three have survived the ordeal by perception: they have handled themselves well in big-time, big-stakes politics. The question then becomes, Which would be most effective against Dukakis and Bentsen?

Take Bentsen first, a sad story in the making. He will spend the next three months—and, if he's "successful" in the fall, the rest of his political life—explaining how he can live with the dismantling of SDI, how he's taking a fresh look at right-to-work laws, how he's going to compromise with Dukakis on abortion, why the next tax increase will be no more than a marginal adjustment to his supply-side prescription. It won't be pleasant for a proud man, but he will have done his duty for the party: he will have wrested Texas from George Bush.

Well, that's the premise. But remember that the Boston-Austin axis of 1960 worked so well, in part, because Nixon made the mistake of invading Kennedy's home turf with Henry Cabot Lodge. I find it hard to believe that the legendary Lone Star dealmakers, given a choice between President and Vice President, between Mr. Big and What's-his-name, will belly up to the electoral counter and say, "Son, give me some of them small potatoes." I find it hard to believe that on election night Houston's finest hotels will rock to the chant of "We're Number Two! We're Number Two!" I find it hard to believe, that is, if George Bush offers a bit of ideological excitement. If he persuades the folks that this election is about real differences.



Self-love is blind.

Now take a look at Dukakis. The definitive comment on him was made recently by Bill Rusher, the publisher of this journal. Rusher worked long, hard hours with Dukakis on a public-television series called *The Advocates*, during which, as Rusher put it, "you get to know a colleague fairly well." His settled memory of Dukakis? "The curious fact is that I cannot recall . . . a single anecdote about Mike Dukakis. He was—how to put it?—utterly bland." (Others will be somewhat more impressed with this account than your correspondent. As it happened, I also worked on that same series and was struck by Rusher's power of total concentration. I'm not sure that he would have recalled Mitzi Gaynor dancing on the conference table.) Dukakis is steady, relentless, mistake-free. He is plodding toward the political middle and Bush—not his running-mate—will have to meet him there.

The task for Bush, QED, is to avoid the routine, one-dimensional choice (Deukmejian) and the Beltway smart-money choice (Dole) and reach for the *missing* ingredients of youth, vim, and ideas.

It's Kemp! □

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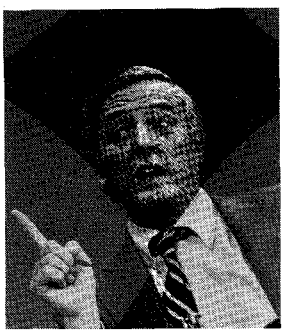

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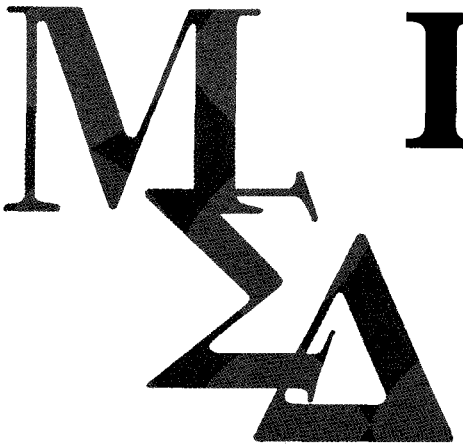

It's Greek to Us

JOSEPH SOBRAN

I DIDN'T READ the Democrats' 1984 platform, but they've got me morbidly curious about it. They have been crowing about how much better the 1988 version is: less than a tenth as long (at 3,500 words, down from 40,000 in 1984), a lean, mean rhetorical machine that has pared away the excesses and the appeals to special interests. Not to mention unseemly ideology.

"Common-sense politics has given us a short statement of principle all Democrats can run on in November," exults Paul Kirk, the party's national chairman. "Brevity is the soul of victory," says Ted Sorensen, the principal draftsman, renowned as the author of the most famous Democratic speech of the last generation, John Kennedy's inaugural address. (Only Republicans quote it now.)

Funny Sorensen should echo Polonius: the platform has more limbs and outward flourishes than a spastic centipede. It's all things to all sexes. Tailored to suit Michael Dukakis, it actually represents a consensus of the party's two main wings, both of which are Left. The Jackson people hoped for somewhat more overtness, but Dukakis wanted to keep certain things closeted. No matter. Anyone with a little sophistication can decipher it.

Let's begin by sampling the prose craftsmanship of Mr. Sorensen, shall we? Here is the first paragraph, after the preamble (the reader is advised to drink a cup of strong coffee before beginning):

We believe that all Americans have a fundamental right to economic justice in a stronger, surer national economy, an economy that must grow steadily without inflation, that can generate a rising standard of living for all and fulfill the desire of all to work in dignity up to their full potential in good health with good jobs at good wages, an economy that is prosperous in every region, from coast to coast, including our rural towns and our older industrial communities, our mining towns, our energy-producing areas, and the urban areas that have been neglected for the past seven years. We believe that, as a first-rate world power moving into the 21st century, we can have a first-rate full-employment economy, with an indexed minimum wage that can help lift and keep families out of poverty, with training and employment programs—including child care and health care—that can help people move from welfare to work, with portable pensions and an adequate Social Security System, safeguarded against emasculation and privatization, that can help assure a comfortable and fulfilling old age, with opportunities for voluntary national public service, above and beyond current services, that can enrich our communities, and with all workers assured the protection of an effective law that guarantees their rights to organize, join the union of their choice, and bargain collectively with their employer, free from anti-union tactics.

Spare, eh? And he makes it seem so *effortless*. What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed. *Ars celare artem*, I always say. What's more, Mr. Sorensen sustains this level of incisiveness all the way.

It's the same old stuff, really: asymptotic socialism. But it's all tucked into state-of-the-art code words. Time for America to *reassert progressive values and reinvest in its people*. The poor have suffered *economic violence*. Worker safety has been endangered by *seven callous years. Pay equity . . . child-care infrastructure . . . no one should be denied the opportunity to attend college for financial reasons . . . greed . . . affirmative action, including goals, timetables, and procurement set-asides . . . all Americans should enjoy access to affordable, comprehensive health services . . . renew the fight against hunger . . . a defense establishment wasting money . . . American ideals . . . a sense of compassion and community . . . the Party of hope and change and fairness.*

THE THRUST of nearly every paragraph is that the Federal Government must get back, in a big way, into the business of redistributing wealth. But instead of "redistribution" or "tax increases," the platform sticks to vague words like "access" and "invest." It all comes down to spending. But spending what? Where will the money come from?

One hint: *Our national strength will be enhanced by more stable defense budgets.* No new military spending; probably some cuts. But these can't conceivably pay for all the new programs the platform demands.

Yet Sorensen & Co. carefully avoid not only any talk of tax hikes, but even any mention of the Democrats' favorite theme these last seven years, the gigantic deficit. Once the Democrats control the White House as well as both Houses of Congress, this will presumably cease to be a looming menace to the nation's economic health.

A short list of the platform's agenda for the next four years, most of it to be federally subsidized: child-care centers, equal pay for equal work, Social Security increases, "targeted economic development," programs to prevent

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child abuse and malnutrition, aid to education, drug education and treatment programs, increased aid for local law-enforcement agencies, affirmative action, new housing programs, a campaign to rebuild the infrastructure (of sewers, roads, and bridges), a crash program to clean up the environment, a new energy program, a new campaign against hunger, comprehensive health care, food price supports, credit and foreclosure relief for farmers.

Some of these items embrace several parts. Federal aid to education, for instance, would include new spending for Project Head Start, the restoration of cuts in remedial-reading programs, subsidies for arts and humanities, special aid to black and Hispanic institutions, subsidies for bilingual education, and that guarantee that nobody be denied a college education because he can't pay for it.

Comprehensive health care would begin with basic health insurance for every family; prenatal care; and special care for Vietnam veterans, the mentally ill, the physically disabled, and senior citizens.

In short, Great Society II. The Democrats' agenda would not only kill the recovery and, even with a tax increase, double the deficit; it would probably bankrupt the country. Of course it's mostly fantasy-talk, but it's anything but the moderate, bare-bones "statement of principle" Kirk boasts of. It's a fat target for the Republicans. Implementing it could only be attempted (much less achieved) at the expense of the great middle class.

On social issues, the platform is more coy. It buries its pandering to organized homosexuals in the pregnant phrase "sexual orientation," which is equated with race and religion somewhere among the semicolons. The word "abortion" doesn't occur, but by implication the Federal Government would force the taxpayer (the word "taxpayer" doesn't occur either, by the way) to pay the abortionist, since *the fundamental right of reproductive choice should be guaranteed regardless of ability to pay*. The wordy solicitude for education and *improving young minds* has nary a syllable about private schooling or religious education.

If any section of this platform can be called more Orwellian than the rest, it must be the final one, which deals with foreign policy. *We believe in a stronger America ready to make the tough choices of leadership in an ever-dangerous world*, of course. But this turns out to mean too many things to mean anything. We must be strong "militarily," yes, but also *economically stronger at home and in the global marketplace; intellectually stronger in the advances of our schools, science, and technology; and spiritually stronger in the principles we exemplify to the world.* Federal domestic spending makes us mightier abroad: that's the short form, which Sorensen has just enough sense of the absurd to eschew.

It's at this point in the platform that literal translation flags before the idioms of evasion. The stern references to the Soviets are for show. The real thrust is that we must sign more treaties with them, negotiate, cooperate. There are tactful mumbles about the Camp David Accords and the Arias Peace Plan. (The Middle East is the one topic about which Dukakis, pro-Israeli, and Jackson, pro-Palestinian, disagree in principle.) As for "the developing world," *we must provide leadership, compassion, and economic assistance to those nations stunted by overwhelming debt, deprivation, and austerity.* And let's not forget to pursue *a policy of economic cooperation instead of confrontation with Mexico and our other hemispheric friends.*

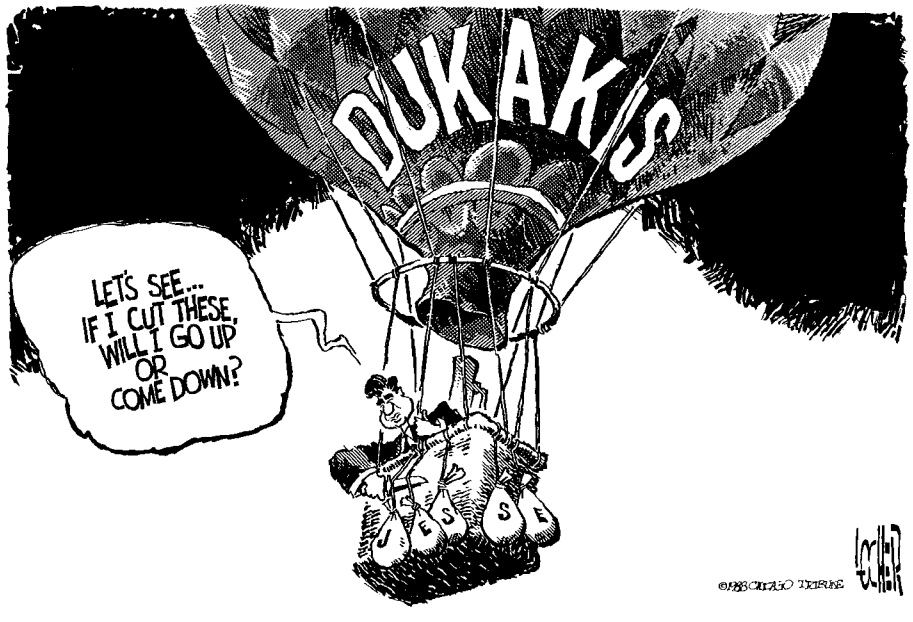
On one item Sorensen manages to be unequivocal: *We believe the apartheid regime in South Africa to be a uniquely repressive regime, ruthlessly deciding every aspect of public and private life by skin color, engaging in unrelenting violence against its citizens at home and promoting naked aggression against its neighbors in Africa.* It must be declared "a terrorist state." Complete sanctions must be imposed, and all U.S. corporations required to leave.

Such is the Democrats' new platform, illustrating equally their notions of verbal and of pecuniary economy. It must set some sort of record for the number of euphemisms it has found for spending money. Its coils of circumlocution were generated by the necessity of avoiding the L-word, liberalism, which has become a useless surrogate for the S-word. But Michael Harrington, the cancer-stricken socialist, has given Dukakis and the Democrats his blessing. There is little here for him, or for that matter the Soviets, to object to.

The phrase of choice this year is "progressive values." Pressed about his own philosophy recently, Dukakis described himself as "liberal or progressive on some things, conservative on others." Of course Dukakis is never known to have taken a stand *with* conservatives, *against* liberals, on any concrete issue. This is the man who once introduced bills to legalize abortion, sodomy, blasphemy, and even bestiality in Massachusetts. But he finds it expedient to portray himself as eclectic, pragmatic, unclassifiable.

The platform actually *underscores* the real consensus between Dukakis and Jackson. Jackson has no objection to what's included; he merely wanted a more flamboyant manifesto. And Dukakis would probably agree privately that most of Jackson's demands, including taxing the rich,

(Continues on page 56)



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WANTED: A Foreign Policy

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THE BEST CASE

MORTON KONDRACKE

WHAT FOLLOWS is the most optimistic case I can make for Michael Dukakis's foreign policy:

1. I admit, he starts out weak. In 1985, with Jesse Jackson, Ronald Dellums, George McGovern, and others, Dukakis joined the advisory board of a group called Jobs with Peace, which called for $80 billion in defense cuts. Dukakis enthusiastically supported the nuclear freeze and today favors a missile-flight test ban, which amounts to the same thing. He not only opposed aid to the Contras but has uttered not one peep of protest against Sandinista violations of the Arias peace accords. And his South Africa policy (total disinvestment) would hurt the victims of apartheid more than the perpetrators.

2. That said, he isn't George McGovern or Jesse Jackson. He does not blame America for the cold war or Third World poverty. He does not support no-first-use of nuclear weapons. He now favors "stable" defense spending.

3. He says that using force should be our "last resort," but doesn't rule it out—as Gary Hart and Caspar Weinberger did by devising endless tests that had to be met (from certainty of victory to near-total public and Allied support) before a shot could be fired. Dukakis quibbled about Grenada, the raid on Qaddafi, and the Persian Gulf escort operation, but he didn't gag.

4. In dealing with the Soviets, Dukakis may be arriving on the scene at a lucky time. The tough rhetoric that worked for Ronald Reagan may not be necessary in the early-Gorbachev era. Like Reagan, the next President needs to be a hard bargainer, but economic chips may be more valuable in securing Soviet good behavior than the nuclear systems that Dukakis wants to give away.

5. Dukakis clearly is not the experienced foreign-policy strategist the United States needs in this time of tight budgets and (relatively) declining American power, but he is smart and he seems to have a sense of prudence. I think he would not stumble into foolish endeavors such as trying to pacify Lebanon or trade arms for hostages with Iran. Further, he understands that America's most urgent task is to restore its industrial competitiveness, the key to our power. In the campaign, he didn't cave in to the protectionists, who want to punish foreigners for their productivity.

6. I do worry that with caution comes a dearth of idealism. Ronald Reagan will be blessed in history for trying to roll back Communism and establish democracy everywhere from Afghanistan to El Salvador. In many places, he succeeded. Dukakis rarely talks about the expansion of democracy as a major purpose of foreign policy. But the good news is that, politically, he can't afford to lose any of the democracies Reagan helped establish.

7. "Internationalism," "multilateralism," and "partnership diplomacy"—major Dukakis themes—are much maligned by conservatives as isolationism in disguise, but they have this going for them: if other nations—and Congress, too—are genuinely consulted by a U.S. Administration and are treated as responsible adults, they may actually act the part. I acknowledge the danger that Dukakis, instead of playing the role of leading partner, might let others veto American initiatives. I do not find it encouraging that Dukakis, if elected, plans to be the first President ever to accede to the War Powers Act.

8. Presidents almost always are forced by reality and politics to move away from their initial ideological position and toward the opposite pole. Carter moved right, Reagan left. By this model, NATIONAL REVIEW should endorse Dukakis, not Bush.

9. Finally, there's the issue of character. I'm not sure

"I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT MR. JACKSON SAYS WE DON'T SERVE TERRORIST STATES."

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whether boys growing up in Brookline, Mass., are allowed to make fists and swear, but anyone who's dealt with Irish pols in Massachusetts (indeed, has failed, fought back, and then thrived) can't be a total patsy. The Vice Presidency, I fear, is a training ground for patsyhood. □

ΜΣΔΜΣΔΜΣΔΜΣΔΜΣΔΜΣΔΜΣΔ

WHO'S ON FIRST?

FRANK J. GAFFNEY JR.

MICHAEL DUKAKIS's foreign policy is a mystery, a veneer of standard Democratic rhetoric overlaying an essentially blank record. The result can be characterized in one of two ways: Charitably, it's good politics with something in it for everyone. Alternatively, it's simply a frightful mess. Can something so riven with internal inconsistencies possibly perform effectively? Consider the following sampler of positions that, it is said, make up Governor Dukakis's foreign-affairs agenda:

Deterrence policy: To his credit, the Duke appears to part company with many in the Democratic Party in his refusal to jettison NATO's threat to resort to first-use of nuclear weapons if attacked by conventional forces. And yet, the rest of the Dukakis approach works at cross-purposes with a collective-security strategy based on nuclear deterrence. For example: Dukakis seems unconcerned about the centrality to that strategy of modern, effective nuclear weapons. To the contrary, his support of a nuclear freeze, his interest in banning flight-testing of ballistic missiles, his commitment to halting nuclear tests, and his opposition to the deployment of every new strategic system (he says he will develop—but not necessarily field—the Trident II missile and the Stealth bomber) would, together, make it impossible over time for the United States to sustain a strategy he ostensibly supports.

More puzzling still is his grandiloquent commitment to fighting and winning a *conventional* war. No President since Roosevelt has entertained seriously the notions either that the United States could in peacetime afford to acquire and maintain such a capability or that—even were we to do so—we could safely rely on our conventional strength to deter Soviet aggression.

The fact that Mr. Dukakis obviously wishes to avoid being portrayed as "soft" on the defense issue fosters the cynical suspicion that his commitment to something as ill-defined as a "Conventional Defense Initiative" is simply a way of being for *some* military program without having to be too precise or too hawkish for his Democratic constituency. In fact, the only conventional-weapons program about which the Duke has commented specifically is one he says he will cancel—the two planned new aircraft carriers. Governor Dukakis is prepared to extol the virtues of conventional defenses without accepting their staggering cost or the strategic consequences of obtaining them at the expense of effective nuclear deterrents.

Arms Control: Governor Dukakis finds himself in the uncomfortable position of praising the results of Ronald Reagan's initiatives with the Soviets—the Summit meetings, the INF treaty, the Afghan settlement—without endorsing the Reagan approach, which, arguably, was essential to bringing them about. He makes clear he would have no truck with Reagan policies of negotiating from strength, with tenacity and patience, *on initiatives in the U.S. interest.* Instead, a Dukakis Administration seemingly would pursue unilateral programmatic restraint, "progress" for its own sake, and arms-control agreements which can neither make us more secure nor be verified.

Global Role of the United States: Brave Dukakis rhetoric such as "the Nation must be strong and involved. . . . There is no way this country can retreat" suggests a Trumanesque commitment to U.S. leadership and global engagement belied by other stated views. As governor, he sought to prevent the dispatch of Massachusetts National Guard troops to Panama and Honduras for training missions intended to show both U.S. strength and involvement in the region.

As President, Governor Dukakis asserts he would subordinate American freedom of action in foreign-policy matters to consensus with our allies or, worse yet, multilateral measures—consensus with any country that wants to be consulted. Such a sentiment might be simply the naïve palaver of an innocent in such affairs which will fall by the wayside with office and experience. Whether that is the case or not, the electorate should be under no illusion: while there certainly is a place for consultation and joint initiatives, any actual implementation of Dukakis's policy would result in utter U.S. paralysis and, inevitably, our "retreat."

IT MUST BE SAID, of course, that beyond the known inconsistencies may lie a host of as yet unidentified Dukakis foreign-policy contradictions. As the entirety of the man's public thinking on the subject is to be found in a handful of speeches, articles, and interviews, much remains to be revealed (or thought?).

Unfortunately, the garbled quality of Dukakis's foreign-policy views as illustrated by the preceding examples does not offer a very satisfactory guide to the way he will answer questions like the following: Does he favor the continued granting by the West of billions per year to the Soviet Union in untied loans? Does he believe the Soviets are cheating on existing arms-control treaties? When he says "the threat [to our security] is not those struggling against apartheid; it is those who impose apartheid," what exactly does he mean? Is he suggesting, when he argues that the Reagan Administration "has tried to manipulate nations when it should have tried to understand them," that the brutally repressive, aggressive character of the Sandinista regime is not the problem; rather, it is our lack of understanding of it?

The Presidency of the United States is a tough place to get on-the-job training in foreign and defense policy. It can, moreover, be—as Jimmy Carter taught us—damn sporty for U.S. national interests to elect a President who requires it. □

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The Duke at Home

HOWIE CARR

"THIS ADMINISTRATION has given us one scandal after another, one resignation after another, one example of governmental misconduct after another." That was Michael Dukakis the day Ed Meese resigned, talking about the Reagan Administration. Funny; he could have been talking about his own. Just a few hours earlier, and just a few hundred yards away from where the Duke was delivering his smug tirade, his former chief education advisor and close friend, Gerald Thomas Indelicato, had been arraigned on a variety of corruption charges ranging back to his days in the *first* Dukakis administration (1974-78). But Dukakis's people hadn't noticed Indelicato's problems ("We don't micro-manage around here," the governor's press secretary explained), so during Dukakis's second stint in the statehouse (starting in 1982), Indelicato was appointed to the presidency of Bridgewater State College (salary: $80,000 a year). The governor took a day off from the campaign trail in May 1987 to personally swear in his old buddy, lauding Indelicato's ability to create "a sense of community."

But that was 14 months earlier. Now, that community—Plymouth County—was about to arraign Indelicato on a whole slew of new charges, including forging the names of college trustees to a deed for a Bridgewater State-owned lot where Indelicato wanted to build his presidential dream house. And that Friday, he would be sentenced in federal district court in Boston on yet another series of felonies to which he had already pleaded guilty. (He was sentenced to thirty months and ordered to pay $80,000 to the state in restitution for bogus consulting contracts.)

No one outside Boston knows about Indelicato because the arraignments didn't come down from the grand juries until after the Democratic presidential primaries. (Incidentally, Attorney General Jim Shannon, in charge of those grand juries, is a Dukakis ally.) But, the day Meese resigned, the local press slugged away trying to get the Duke to say something, anything, about Indelicato. No go: the governor was only taking questions about Republican corruption. "You can't build the kind of America we want," he said, "with one scandal after another. . . . One of the things that I bring to this race is a record of appointing people. . . . You have to try very hard to pick people who . . . understand what integrity is all about."

In all, the press conference lasted 3 minutes, 53 seconds. Time devoted to Ed Meese: 3 minutes, 51 seconds. Time devoted to the state's out-of-control budget deficit: 2 seconds (one answer was muttered as the Duke left the podium, making it unusable on television). Time devoted to Gerry Indelicato: 0 seconds.

MICHAEL DUKAKIS's tendency to attack his political opponents for the quality of their appointees long predates Ed Meese. In 1982, when he was trying to unseat Democratic Governor Edward J. King (who had unseated him in 1978), the Duke ran against corruption in state government. He urged drivers to turn on their headlights in the daytime if they were as appalled by scandal as he was. He held a rally on the steps of the statehouse, on what he termed "Stand Up for Integrity" Day. In the statewide television debate, he asked King: "With your record of bad judgment and bad appointments, what can you say to us tonight to convince us you've changed, and that we can expect anything better over the next four years?"

But six years later, the record is clear: Mike Dukakis—the Democratic nominee for President, the "honest technocrat" devoted to competence rather than ideology—has presided over the most corrupt administration in the last 25 years of the already-ripe history of Massachusetts state government.

There's the sheriff of Middlesex County: when the elected sheriff died of a heart attack a couple of years ago, it was up to Dukakis to appoint an interim replacement. His choice, John P. McGonigle, is currently under investigation by a state grand jury concerning a no-show job scheme.

Another responsibility of the governor: the Boston Licensing Board. In April, a lawyer suspended from the bar—whose practice mainly consisted of representing joints in the Combat Zone, the city's dying red-light district—was indicted on charges of bribing two unnamed members of the Licensing Board. Both were appointees of the hands-on governor.

Back to the campus: In 1978, the Dukakis administration appointed Francis Pilecki president of Westfield State College. A few years later, Pilecki resigned after scandals involving homosexual molestation. So he was allowed to return to his professorship at Fitchburg State College, though the Duke's own special counsel noted that Pilecki had made sexual advances to a young man there in 1976.

Mr. Carr is a columnist for the Boston Herald.

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Oh, and Pilecki's Dukakis-appointed successor at Westfield has recently been caught 1) bending the rules to get his 16-year-old daughter admitted and 2) filing for dinner expenses with people who don't exist.

And then there's the Stanley Barczak affair. No, Barczak is not a Dukakis appointee. He was a minor Revenue Department official under Ed King, upon whom Dukakis wanted revenge for 1978. In 1982, when King was up for re-election, Barczak was apprehended accepting a payoff in the lobby of a downtown Boston hotel. The case was turned over to the State Attorney General, Frank Bellotti, who was feuding with Governor King. Bellotti assigned the case to a Dukakis campaign contributor, and soon the papers were full of leaks about "widespread corruption" in the Revenue Department. No trials were held until after the primary, and then every case prosecuted with Barczak as lead witness fell through.

But once Dukakis was in office, he appointed the unsuccessful prosecutor/campaign contributor to the prestigious committee that selects the Commonwealth's judges. And the Duke appointed the state policeman who bugged Barczak's telephone to the State Racing Commission.

Fast forward to 1988. A new scandal is brewing in the Revenue Department—Mike Dukakis's Revenue Department. Another minor employee is arrested for stealing state funds; he was apparently deep in debt, and legbreakers from South Boston reportedly began showing up at his office, trying to collect. This time, though, there are no reports of widespread corruption. The revenue commissioner, Stephen Kidder, appears before the troops to tell them not to lose faith: "Remember, this was just one person out of a sterling department of 2,600 people."

A voice came from the back of the room: "How come when it was Barczak, it was all of us?"

Many of Dukakis's current embarrassments with corruption date back to the 1982 Democratic primary, and the deals Dukakis had to cut to defeat the conservative, pro-growth King. For instance, Dukakis realized that he had been deeply hurt in his 1978 bid for re-election by the opposition of the law-enforcement community. The reason for their enmity was obvious: not only had he refused to grant the state police the raises they thought they deserved (their wives picketed Duke rallies during the campaign), but he also commuted the sentences of dozens of murderers.

But in 1982, Dukakis scored a major coup. He won the backing of the Metropolitan District Commission (MDC) police union, which represented the state's third largest force. It made for good TV—not all the police hated the Duke. The president of the union was a patrolman named Jack Picardi. As soon as Dukakis was back in office, he appointed as commissioner of the MDC an ex-cab driver and unsuccessful candidate for lieutenant governor named Bill Geary. Geary appointed a cop named Thomas Keough as superintendent of the MDC police, and Keough named as his deputy—Jack Picardi. The Duke quickly pushed for huge increases for the MDC, who, among their fellow officers became known as "Mike Dukakis Cops."

All was fine for a year or so, until it was revealed that Picardi, with permission from Keough, had been moonlighting. He had debugged the offices of the assistant majority whip of the State House of Representatives—who had been recorded on tape accepting a $5,000 payoff from an undercover FBI agent.

Say goodbye Keough. Ditto Picardi. They were replaced by another MDC stalwart, Nelson "Sonny" Barner. But his term of office would also be brief—he was quickly indicted by a federal grand jury in the "Examscam" scandal. "Examscam" was a sweet operation for MDC captain Gerry Clemente, who stole civil-service exams and resold them to other cops (he also robbed banks). Barner was a "consultant" to Clemente and his partners; he is currently appealing his conviction for perjury. At one point, the personnel records of almost 10 per cent of the MDC police were subpoenaed; they were under suspicion of having purchased exams from Clemente.

There have been other minor scandals in the MDC during the Dukakis years—cocaine trafficking, sale of unregistered machine guns, things like that. And Dukakis's deputy commissioner of public safety, Robert Cunningham, was forced to resign in 1985 when local media revealed his ties to a convicted loan shark.

By 1986, the MDC had become such an utter disgrace that the Dukakis organization didn't even want the union's endorsement. But rather than offend the rank-and-file, the Dukakis campaign quietly announced that it would not accept endorsements from police unions.

Another area in which Dukakis tried, a lot more successfully, to capture the moral high ground is the matter of contributions from Political Action Committees. Michael Dukakis won't accept them: *he* won't be bought by special interests. But what the hard-eyed investigative report-

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ers of the national press corps have failed to point out is that, if you accept funds from a PAC set up by, say, the law firm that handles the state's lucrative bond-counsel business, the most you can accept from it is $5,000. If, however, dozens of partners in the firm and their spouses each donate the maximum individual contribution of $1,000 —which the members of a number of Boston law firms and New York investment-banking firms have done—you will end up with much, much more than five grand.

Before the Duke discovered this neat trick—how to simultaneously out-fundraise your opponent and pummel him for moral turpitude—he was not so averse to accepting money from PACs in Massachusetts. One of them was the Bricklayers' Union. Their president is an amiable Irishman by the name of Tom McIntyre—you might have seen the commercials he did for Dukakis during the Florida primary, admitting that the average blue-collar guy might not ever want to have a beer with the Duke, but claiming that the governor was pretty good at producing jobs (actually, the state has lost almost 100,000 manufacturing jobs since Dukakis returned to office in 1983).

In any case, on June 10, 1983, the Bricklayers contributed $5,000 to the Dukakis Committee—seven months after one election, almost three years before the next one. Five days later Dukakis fired the state labor commissioner and replaced him with George Ripley, previously a business agent for the Bricklayers. Ripley proceeded to hire his two daughters to work for him. When this got out, the State Ethics Committee fined him, and he was forced to resign, but once again, the Duke had been embarrassed by Massachusetts's rancid patronage system—the same one he had promised to abolish "lock, stock, and barrel."

Of course, it's only natural that the Commonwealth bureaucracy would be scandal-ridden, considering its growth under the Duke. Ed King's last budget, Fiscal Year 1983, was $6.9 billion; the FY 1989 budget is almost $12 million. In other words, it has increased at three times the rate of inflation. By the end of his first term after taking over from King, the erstwhile reformer had added approximately ten thousand people to the state payroll. The exact number isn't known, because the "hands-on" governor has never come up with a system to discover just how many people the state employs. The big boys get consultant contracts—which have boomed from $147 million to $447 million. One labor lawyer and Duke fundraiser made more than $1.6 million negotiating with the state employees' union—also friends of Dukakis—to keep their pay raise down to just over 50 per cent in five years.

CORRELL
....SO WHILE I WAS OUT UNDER YOUR FURLOUGH PROGRAM, I THOUGHT I'D DROP IN AND APPLY FOR VICE PRESIDENT....
INMATE
1988
DUKAKIS

WHAT'S LEFT? Well, the current FBI investigation looks interesting. Two Dukakis campaign contributors bought a compound in the little town of New Braintree (pop. 800) and offered it to the state as the site of a five-hundred-bed prison. Over the previous three years, the site had been considered and rejected by state authorities at least twice—the buildings would need complete reconstruction and the town has no public transportation and no doctor, let alone a hospital.

The facility was purchased for $3 million in December 1985 by Daniel Striar and Gary Jacobson. Within two weeks, the site moved to the top of the administration's prison-site list. The "independent appraiser" five months later valued it at $8.7 million.

Striar and Jacobson had informed town officials that a prison was going up, and the town complained to Dukakis, who met with them in May and promised a full study of the issue. A month later, without study, he asked the legislature for $22 million to build the prison and $10 million for the land. New Braintree launched its own investigation. Here's what they found:

Although Dukakis claimed throughout 1986 that he knew neither Jacobson nor Striar, it turns out that, in addition to being heavy contributors, both are known to him. Jacobson lived around the corner from Dukakis when the two were growing up in Brookline—Dukakis now remembers shoveling snow from the Jacobson driveway. New Braintree found a photo of Dukakis and Striar together at the September 1986 dedication of a Jewish community center named after the Striar family. And New Braintree found that Striar's name appears three times in the notes of a May 1986 meeting with Dukakis on the prison-siting question. (Aides explain that he wasn't paying attention.)

The man most responsible for the prison siting, James Circo, Dukakis's Deputy Secretary of Human Services for Corrections, left his post early this year to join the Beacon Company, managed by Alan Leventhal, one of Dukakis's two biggest national fundraisers. The FBI launched its investigation in June. Jacobson and Striar hired a public-relations firm (with intimate links to Dukakis) to spruce up their image, but that campaign went astray when Jacobson assaulted a woman cameraman on the way to a meeting with state officials.

As is usual in cases involving friends of the governor, no arrests were made. □

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The Mike & Jesse Show

RICHARD BROOKHISER

TAWANA BRAWLEY was there, with her doting ma. So was Garrison Keillor. The newspapers ran daily listings of "Press Conferences," "Protests at Authorized Sites," and "Protests and Rallies at Other Sites." The state's boosters passed out literature explaining how "unique soil and climate conditions produce the world-famous Vidalia Onion." The same boosters had tried to close the city's strip joints, only to be thwarted by a judge; the one I passed, on a long and rambling search for a road that would take me to the airport, was hung with bunting. It was, after all, the site of a great national convention.

Atlanta is making a bid to be a major convention center. I would be more kindly disposed to its efforts if I had not been plunked, with many another reporter, into a hotel in Smyrna, a good $25 cab ride from anyplace in particular. The hall, however, was spanking clean and functional. I had a seat, next to Victor Navasky of *The Nation*, with a clear view of the podium, though at a distance which shrank all the speakers to the size of Michael Dukakis.

The hall was dominated, as always, by the wizard's lairs of the networks—huge glass boxes hanging at first and third base from the podium. The journalistic investment they symbolized was grossly disproportionate to the occasion. In his book *The Real Campaign*, Jeff Greenfield noted that the networks are still acting as if they were covering the first two conventions they actually did cover, in 1952. As it happens, those conventions—when Taft and Eisenhower slugged it out in the GOP, and the Democrats picked Stevenson on the third ballot—were the last in which the nominations were in serious doubt. There hasn't been a second ballot for anything since 1956; there hasn't even been a riot since 1968.

In this sense, the Atlanta convention was one of monumental dullness. The only major mystery—Whom would Dukakis pick as running-mate?—was resolved the week before the convention began; the ensuing minor mystery—How would Jesse Jackson react?—vanished by Monday. Yet the convention ably performed the function conventions still perform—to gather an army of pols and polettes in one place, and let them talk. There could be no better preview of Democratic intentions for the next three and a half months.

It would be hard to pick the worst speakers, though for women, I would nominate Senator Barbara Mikulski, in whom the Democrats have found a new Bella Abzug, and for men, Senator Sam Nunn, who blinked and goggled like some sightless albino subspecies hauled up from Mammoth Caves. House Speaker Jim Wright, who chaired the proceedings, was supposed to be an embarrassment, ethically and aesthetically. But his *faux*-downhominess offered an interesting specimen of an earlier style of oratory, and there were no obvious wads of cash dribbling from his pockets, so that his presence rated a slight plus.

I expected a good time from Texas State Treasurer Anne Richards, who gave the keynote address Monday night. Four years ago, she was one of Walter Mondale's nominators in San Francisco, and gave a speech, cornball but low-key, which I thought was as effective as Mario Cuomo's tone poem. Her best moment in Atlanta was a crack at George Bush: "born with a silver foot in his mouth." It was mean and funny and got a great whoop; maybe she'd scrounged it from an old Dole speech.

The Bush-bashing was ably carried forward on Tuesday by another Texan, Agriculture Commissioner Jim Hightower. "A toothache of a man, who threatens to lead this country from tweedledum to tweedledummer. 'A boom,' he squeals, 'a boom!' But before you swallow that one ask, A boom for whom?" Hightower answered: "Bush's elite are out at the yacht club tonight, sitting about in their Guccis and Puccis, sipping a delightfully fruity and frisky white wine, saying, 'Play it again, George.' "

The Democrats, it is clear, are preparing to target George Bush as a class enemy, a strategy not without its ironies. Brother Hightower, with his round-rimmed yuppie glasses and his neat little mustache, is not exactly a horny-handed son of toil. "Let George Bush side with the Rockefellers," he chirped later on, "we're gonna side with the little fellers." An unfortunate line, since Senator Jay Rockefeller had preceded him on the podium a few hours earlier. To say nothing of Teddy Kennedy, who had the brass to refer to Bush's "rich friends who clip their coupons."

Nevertheless, neither Rockefeller nor Kennedy is running for President, nor is Lloyd Bentsen. Bush's lesser millions are unsanctified by professions of redistribution. Look for Kennebunkport to become known as a second Versailles.

THE SECOND great theme of the convention was unity, fanned by an aching desire to win. It was the friendliest Democratic convention since 1976. There was Georgia governor Joe Frank Harris, who would not endorse the ticket in 1984; and there was Representative Ron Dellums, doing a war dance for Nelson Mandela. There was Senator Bill Bradley, and socialist William Winpisinger. There was Mayor Andrew Young, praising, in

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one speech, Lyndon Johnson, Adam Clayton Powell, and Ed Koch. But the focus and symbol of unity was Jesse Jackson.

Jackson, who came to Atlanta from Chicago on a bus, had been mightily offended by the brusqueness with which Dukakis picked his Veep (how can you say his heart is bleeding, wrote *Newsweek*'s Jonathan Alter, when you're not even sure it's beating?). Tongues wagged that Jackson might rebel. I thought not, mainly because Jackson is still only 46 years old, and must want to spend his middle age at the center of things, not bellowing in parking lots with the Al Sharptons of this world. A little stroking from Dukakis, and some twiddling with the platform, were enough to set the stage for Jackson's speech Tuesday night.

The closing was topdrawer Jackson. After a mild, beaming introduction, and a hotter mid-section devoted to politics, Jackson addressed hypothetical viewers "in the projects. 'Jesse Jackson, you don't understand my situation. You be on television. You with the big people.' They see the White House. They don't see the house I'm running *from*.

"I've known abandonment," he said, "people being mean to you. Jesse Jackson is my third name. I'm adopted. My grandmother gave me the name Jesse Burns to hold me over. I understand." He described his boyhood house. "Bathroom in the backyard. Slop jar by the bed. No hot and cold running water. Wallpaper used for decoration? No, for windbreaker. I understand. My mother went to work with runs in her stockings. *She* knew better, but she wore them so my brother and I could wear matching socks. I understand. For Thanksgiving we didn't have a turkey. Three in the afternoon, my mother would be preparing some other family's turkey. We had to play football to amuse ourselves. Eight at night she'd come home with leftovers. *I understand.* When my name goes in nomination, yours does too."

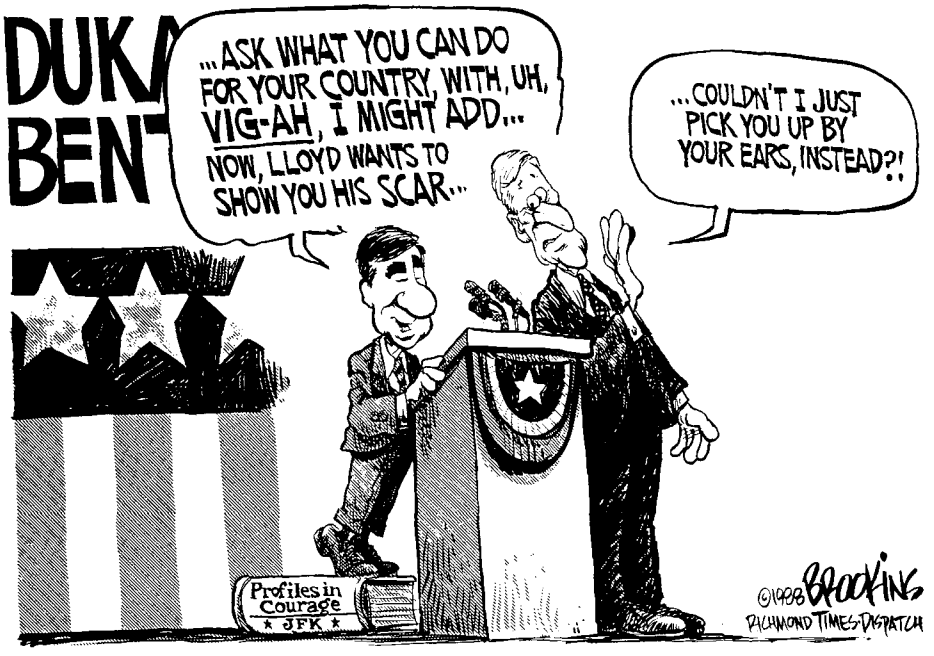
This certainly played in Atlanta; on Wednesday, fifty dull speakers called it "electrifying." Yet, as the tumult and the shouting died, I wondered if Jackson has not passed a subtle turning point. What, finally, is Jackson *doing*? He pulls his party to the left, though it had gone left before he came along, and he has made himself a symbol of black inspiration. Is that enough? Jackson's closing was addressed to the skepticism of the underclass. I wonder about the black middle class. When will they want someone who stops talking and starts winning?

These were questions for another day. On Wednesday night, in a feat of coordination that was positively Republican, selected states in the roll call passed so that it could be California that put Michael Dukakis over the top; and then Willie Brown, Speaker of the California Assembly—and Jackson's campaign manager—moved "in the spirit of unity" to suspend the rules and nominate Dukakis by acclamation.

By now, every reporter in America having thumbed through his copy of *The Almanac of American Politics*, the biography of Dukakis's running-mate is widely known. Danish immigrant grandparents. Father, Big Lloyd, a self-made zillionaire. Distinguished Flying Cross in World War II. Little Lloyd started in politics, becoming the youngest member of the House of Representatives in 1948. He was hot for nuking the North Koreans and taking on the Viet Minh; he also voted against the poll tax. After three terms, he went into business, setting up an oil and insurance holding company with a $7-million loan from Dad.

In 1970, George Bush, a two-term congressman from Houston who had lost a Senate race to Ralph Yarborough in 1964, was getting ready to challenge Yarborough again. The business wing of the Democratic Party decided to get Yarborough first. Bentsen was their candidate. He hit his liberal opponent on the Vietnam War and prayer in schools, and knocked him out, then went on to beat Bush with over 53 per cent of the vote.

Richard Nixon tried to claim him as part of a "working ideological majority," but the only work Bentsen has performed consistently has been for Texas business. He called Bradley-Gephardt the "so-called reform bill" even after it became law. When he took over the Senate Finance Committee after the 1986 elections, he set up a monthly breakfast club for lobbyists, with a *prix fixe* of $10,000; bad press killed the idea, but the lobbyists were willing to pay. "We've got a lot of IOUs to Lloyd," one conservative Texas businessman commented after Dukakis laid on his hands, "and we're going to have to raise some money for him."


DUK
BEN
...ASK WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR YOUR COUNTRY, WITH, UH, VIG-AH, I MIGHT ADD... NOW, LLOYD WANTS TO SHOW YOU HIS SCAR...
...COULDN'T I JUST PICK YOU UP BY YOUR EARS, INSTEAD?!
Profiles in Courage
★ JFK ★
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RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH

Bentsen has a well-oiled in-state machine, but his only previous bid for greater things, a presidential run in 1976, flopped. "Bentsen," wrote Jules Witcover, "struggled without achieving any kind of personal identification (in introductions, his name sometimes came out 'Floyd Bentsen,' or worse)."

This was the courtly, silver-haired gent who was presented to the convention on its last night as the band tootled "The Eyes of Texas Are upon You." Bentsen smiled and waved se-

(Continues on page 56)

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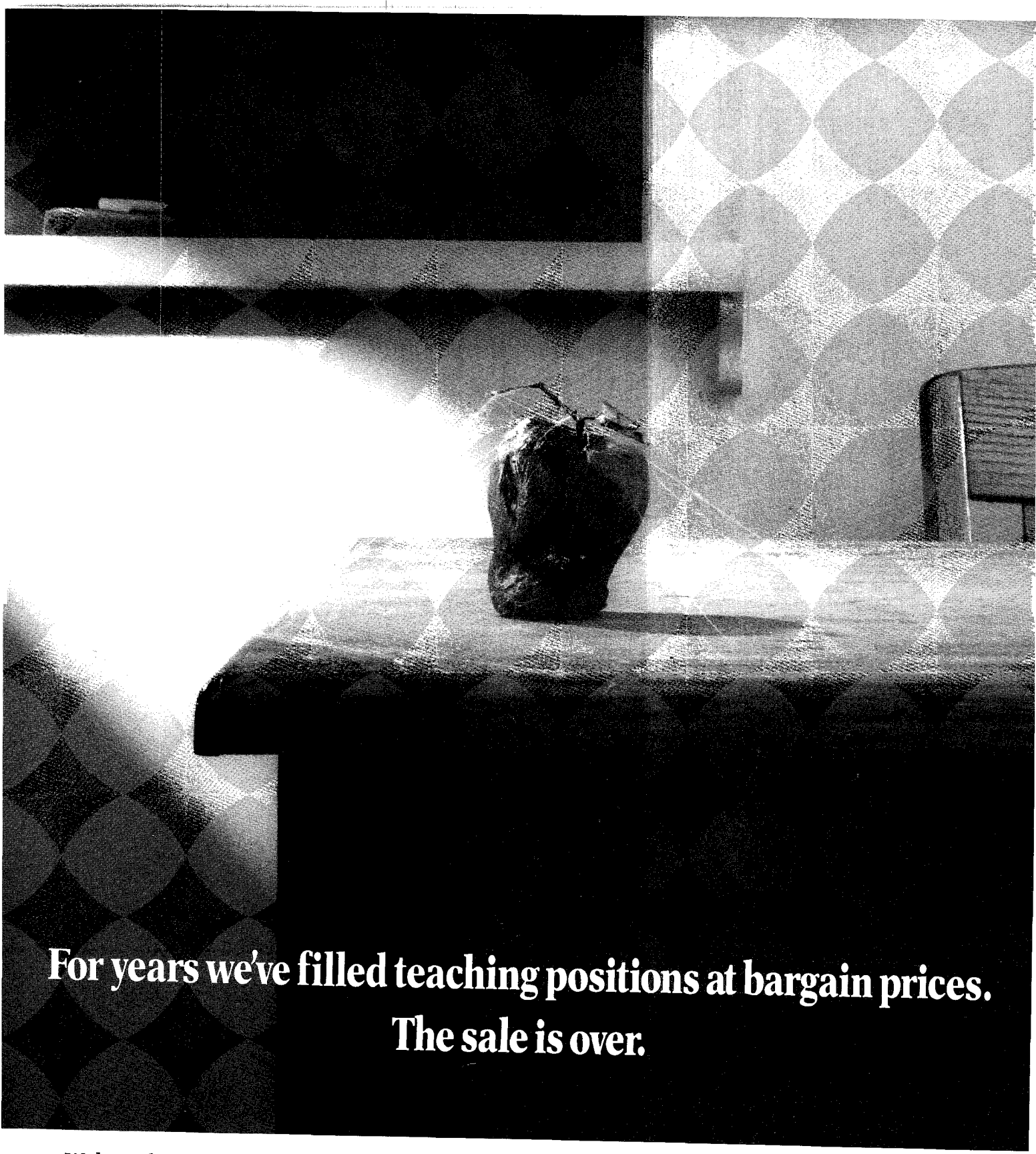

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MARILYN & BOBBY & JACK

I CANNOT understand why Anthony Summers's book *Goddess: The Secret Lives of Marilyn Monroe* (Macmillan, 1985; NAL paperback, with important postscript added, 1986 —this is the edition I am quoting from) has not had a greater impact upon the informed political sensibility. And this in turn raises questions about the forming of our public perceptions —that is, about why some material is admitted into our sense of a famous man while some other information, no matter how persuasive, is excluded. Perhaps, in this case, the legends of John and Robert Kennedy, shaped by that wintry inauguration in January 1961, by the proclaimed "New Frontier," by notions of "Camelot," and by the assassinations, is so compelling as to resist modification. We prefer those images to disturbing realities. And as far as the Kennedy myth is concerned, Anthony Summers's book is disturbing indeed.

It presents the evidence that John Kennedy met Marilyn Monroe as early as 1951 and had a long sexual relationship with her that lasted well into his Presidency; that Robert Kennedy, while Attorney General, commenced an affair that overlapped with his brother's; that both men left themselves open to blackmail by the numerous people who had bugged Monroe's residence (there was apparently at least one tape of Robert Kennedy *in flagrante delicto*); that while Marilyn Monroe was intimate with the Kennedy brothers she was simultaneously intimate with members of a far-left group in Mexico City, with whom she discussed national-security matters, to the infinite alarm of J. Edgar Hoover; that Marilyn Monroe believed Robert Kennedy to have promised to leave his wife and marry her, and dreamed of becoming First Lady; that she was threatening to reveal this to the public; that on the day of her death (August 5, 1962) she was visited clandestinely twice by Robert Kennedy, once in the company of Peter Lawford; that Kennedy knew by then that her house was bugged, and searched frantically for the devices; that there are serious reasons to believe that Monroe may not have committed suicide; and that FBI agents and probably members of the Los Angeles Police Department obstructed the official inquiry in order to cover up evidence of her liaisons with the Kennedys.

To say that Summers's thesis has not become entrenched in the national consciousness is not to say that his book has been ignored. It was a best-seller and received excellent reviews in *Newsweek*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Boston Globe*, *Newsday*, the *Los Angeles Weekly*, and the *New York Times*. And yet I myself had paid no attention to this book; I suppose I wrote it off as just another biography of Marilyn Monroe, unlikely to shed new light on the Kennedys. After all, the memoir by Judith Exner (whom Kennedy shared with mobster Sam Giancana), Garry Wills's *The Kennedy Imprisonment*, and *The Kennedys*, by Peter Collier and David Horowitz, had done much to bring out JFK's promiscuity and his mob connections. But those books cannot compare with this bombshell.

JOHN KENNEDY met Marilyn Monroe early in her career and began with her one of his many casual affairs, meeting her at hotels in New York and Los Angeles and at Peter Lawford's beach house in Santa Monica. He slept with her after his 1960 acceptance speech at the Democratic National Convention in San Francisco, and on into his Presidency, despite her close connection with various gangsters, until he was warned by J. Edgar Hoover. Then the John Kennedy-Marilyn Monroe relationship ended.

The Bobby-Marilyn affair seems to have begun in February 1962 after they met at a dinner party at the Lawford home. Bobby was at first amused by her attempts at political conversation, then outraged at her pro-Castro, anti-nuclear criticisms of the Kennedy Administration. There were arguments (taped) at her home in which Bobby yelled that she was "going Communist." She called him on a special number at the Justice Department to arrange trysts, while at the same time frequenting the left-wing circle of the expatriate "silver-spoon Communist," Fred Vanderbilt Field, in Mexico City.

Let us go to Summers's painstaking investigation of this whole sordid mess. Summers spent over three years on the book, with the help of several assistants, including a lawyer specializing in Freedom of Information Act requests. His 62 pages of bibliography, notes, and index are reasonably scholarly for a book of this type. The evidence for the Kennedy connection is overpowering, confirmed by Peter Lawford's wives, Marilyn Monroe's maid, psychiatrists from the Suicide Prevention Team who counseled Monroe's psychoanalyst after her death, various detectives involved in wiretapping and bugging her home, and many others.

This book abounds with circumstantial detail. Take, for example, Summers's account of an evening in July 1960. The Lawfords were throwing a party; it was the week of JFK's nomination in San Francisco, and the atmosphere is right out of Norman Mailer's *The Deer Park*. Two officers from the Los Angeles District Attorney's office approached the beach house and were blocked by armed guards. "There had been enough time to observe a wild party going on around the Lawfords' pool, one that included a bevy of women, some familiar to the officer as call girls supplied by a known madam. . . . Also present was John Kennedy."

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Summers has also located a letter apparently from Jean Kennedy Smith, Jack and Bobby's younger sister, to Marilyn Monroe: "Understand that you and Bobby are the new item! We all think you should come with him when he comes back East!"

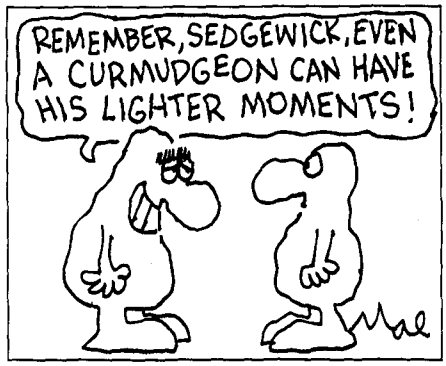
The mob, under serious pressure from the Kennedys' vigorous anti-crime drive, knew all about these goings-on. One of Jimmy Hoffa's private investigators, Bernard Spindel—who may in this case have been freelancing for someone else—had thoroughly bugged the Monroe home and had tapes of "pillow talk" between her and the Attorney General. (The FBI and other private eyes also had the house bugged; the reader comes to feel that there must at times have been quite a traffic jam in Monroe's driveway.)

The events of August 5 are murky. Against the official verdict that Monroe swallowed a lethal dose of sleeping pills, there are the following objections: When the police arrived, they found no drinking glass and no water, suggesting that the dose may not have been self-administered. They found a telephone receiver clasped in Monroe's hand, which would have been unlikely under the circumstances officially inferred—if she drifted off into unconsciousness, the receiver would most probably have slipped from her hand; the tight grip she had on it is what one would expect if it had been placed there after rigor mortis had begun to set in. The autopsy was hurried and incomplete; Bernard Spindel's tapes were seized by "a posse of police and District Attorney's investigators," and disappeared; Monroe's maid tells vague and conflicting stories about the events of that fatal day.

By 1962 Marilyn Monroe was a depressed, disintegrating personality who visited her psychoanalyst daily. She certainly might have killed herself, as officially claimed. But Summers's massive documentation allows us to entertain a chilling possibility.

Who had something to gain from Monroe's silence? *Cui bono?* The Kennedy brothers were vulnerable to blackmail from at least two directions.

During the later part of her relationship with Robert Kennedy, Monroe sometimes talked with friends about "starting a whole new life." At other times, despondent, she complained



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vociferously about Robert, saying that she was wanted "only as a plaything," passed around "like a piece of meat." She showed a friend a diary she had kept, saying, "Maybe his wife would like to know some of the things he told me." One private detective told Summers that Marilyn had been desperate enough to call Bobby at his home in Virginia, enraging him. "Robert Kennedy became incommunicado," said the detective, "and she wasn't going to settle for that."

Meanwhile, mobster Sam Giancana, who had helped John Kennedy win the Presidency in the first place by vote-stealing in Chicago, knew all about the Kennedy womanizing, as well as about the plots to kill Castro. Mob influence had removed the President's name from the divorce suit against starlet Judy Meredith. John Kennedy and Giancana had shared Judith Exner. Both Giancana and Jimmy Hoffa knew all about the Kennedys and Monroe.

A publicly testifying Marilyn Monroe could have given devastating validation to the evidence (photographs, tapes, and more) possessed by Hoffa and Giancana about two politicians who had exploited their public image as "family men."

If the overall tendency of Summers's argument is correct, then Chappaquiddick and its coverup looks to be only one installment in a venerable Kennedy tradition.

There remains the question posed at the beginning. Why is this book not now decisive in all informed consideration of the Kennedy Presidency? Is it because the myth of JFK and RFK has been so assiduously established that nothing can break in upon it? Perhaps that myth is too satisfying to yield easily: the dashing young President, cut off in his prime; the "existential" Attorney General, who moved from young McCarthyite to New Leftist and was gunned down in full promise of—something. The "aristocratic liberals."

Compare this with their longtime enemy and target, Jimmy Hoffa. Summers writes: "Hoffa himself was asked directly, in the Seventies, what he had known about the Kennedy brothers' sex lives. He reacted with a series of violent denials when asked if he had Marilyn bugged, adding, 'I already had a tape on Bobby Kennedy and Jack Kennedy, which was so filthy and nasty—given to me by a girl—that though my people encouraged me to do it, I wouldn't do it. I put it away and said the hell with it. . . .' Asked whether he might have wanted to use such a tape against Robert Kennedy, Hoffa declared, 'I would not embarrass his wife and family.' "

If we credit this—and it sounds authentic; the big gangsters often have a kind of honor—then it's a bit like *The Beggar's Opera*, where Macheath comes off far better than Peachum and Lockit. □

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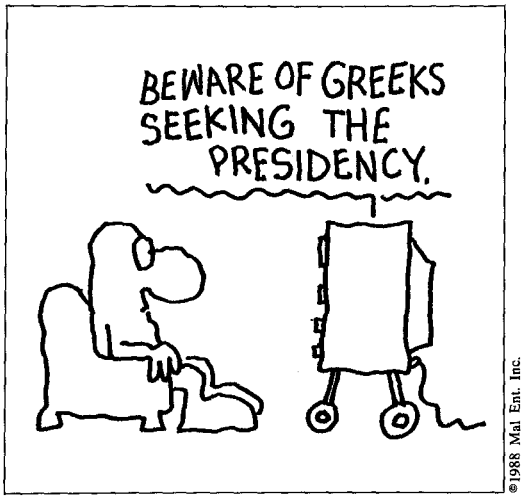
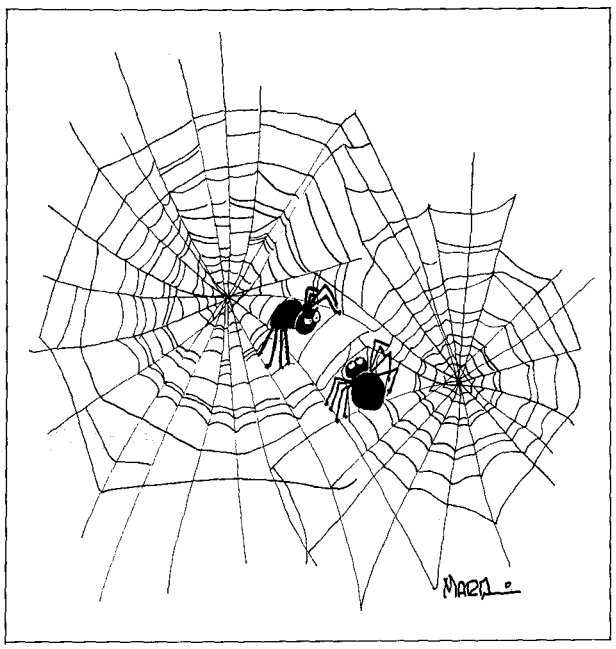


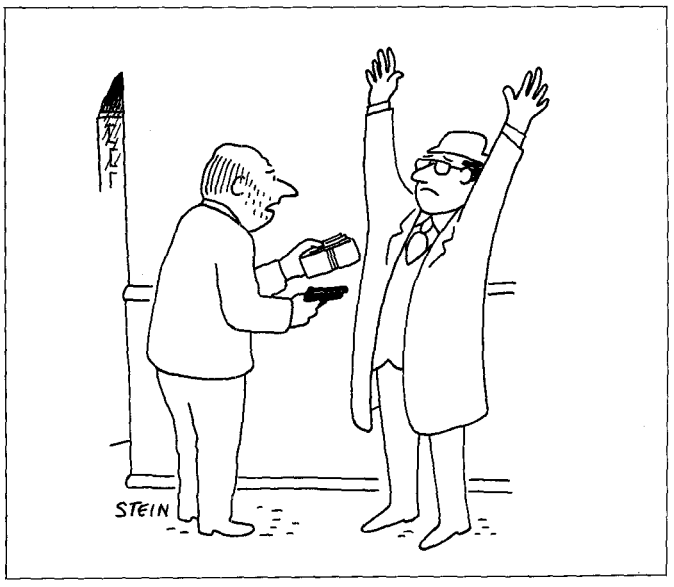
See to It, Mr. Atwater

Bush needs a killer video
  Designed to do a job
On Governor Dukakis and
  His tendency to sob
With felons pacing lonely cells
  For doing someone in.
Though weekend furloughs ease his hurt,
  They worry kith and kin.

W. H. von Dreele



"Sorry . . . but I'm sort of into networking . . ."



"In compliance with the Truth-in-Mugging Doctrine, I must now inform you that this money will be dissipated on booze and loose women."

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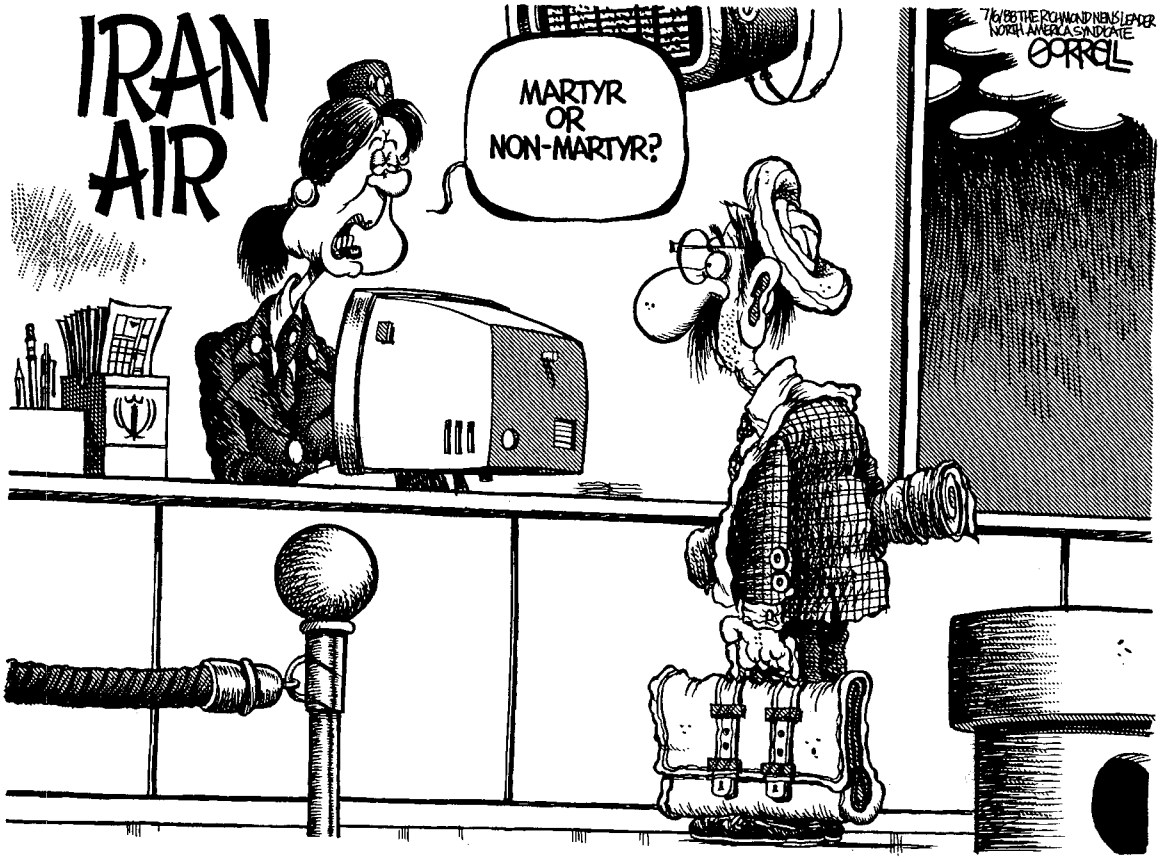

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SPY STORY

Joseph Sobran

Recollections of a Life, by Alger Hiss (Henry Holt, 288 pp., $19.95)

ALGER HISS's chief defenders have been, increasingly, those who would least disapprove of the crime imputed to him. Over at *The Nation* they still publish the hottest bulletins on new data concerning Woodstock typewriters of 1927 vintage, though it's not clear why they think it so vital to clear Hiss of the charge of having passed a few documents along to the Kremlin.

Thanks to the enormous controversy that has swirled around him for forty years now, it's easy to forget that Alger Hiss is a real human being, after all, whose life did not begin and end with the "Hiss Case." Unfortunately, it's just as easy to forget this after you've read his autobiography.

Recollections of a Life must be one of the most *guarded* memoirs of this racy age. The prose is strictly convalescent-home, with a few dashes of passionate pastel. A typical passage:

> Being a young government official was a heady experience in those days. Many of us exercised major authority years before we could normally have expected to do so in the private sector. Our work was stimulating and important. We could justifiably feel that we were making significant contributions to the nation's welfare.

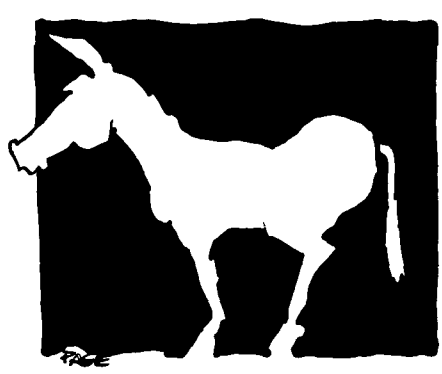
It sounds like a heady experience, all right.

At least we can clear this book of the charge that has dogged *Witness*: it triumphantly avoids melodrama. It's also safe to say that Hiss has escaped the influence of Tom Wolfe:

> Public interest in the [Nye Committee] hearings ran high. Press coverage was extensive. Selling arms to small, impoverished nations involved influence-peddling and intrigue in high places.

The book stays at about this level of abstraction most of the way. It offers few direct quotations, hard facts, or detailed scenes. The only character who approaches vividness is Oliver Wendell Holmes, whom Hiss briefly served as a law clerk. Priscilla Hiss doesn't materialize, if that's the word for it, until page 151, *after* Whittaker Chambers. We learn vaguely that Stalin was "always courteous" at Yalta.

Eventually the reader suspects that he is confronting a specimen of the Fifth Amendment school of autobiography, in which the author's overriding intention is to withhold any possibly incriminating or even suggestive detail. It may be nothing but an absence of personality, since the chapter on Hiss's childhood (a photo shows him to have been an extremely beautiful toddler) is as bland as the rest. If you think he was a Soviet agent, of course, you are tempted to conclude that the long habit of self-suppression has completely taken over.



Hiss's political rhetoric is also carefully modulated. He drops scattered hints of a generically "progressive" outlook; but nothing so vivid as to allow him to be confidently placed. He does somewhat incautiously recall the "moving" moment when he and his fellow prisoners observed a moment of silence at the hour of the Rosenbergs' execution. He is proud to relate that Eleanor Roosevelt once insisted that he serve as her escort at a UN do, a datum that somehow seems to say it all, never mind the typewriter.

During his 44 months in prison, Hiss found his most congenial fellow inmates among the Mafiosi. Once he commiserated with Frank Costello, also, it transpires, wrongfully imprisoned; they had another common bond in their shared admiration for Mrs. Roosevelt, who "expressed annoyance" when Hiss relayed word of Costello's regard. (Her reaction surprised Hiss.)

After two hundred pages of genteel adjectives and tactful circumlocutions, we come to the hot stuff: "Nixon's unprincipled pursuit of me was motivated by political opportunism, his hallmark. . . . I am confident J. Edgar Hoover will be known as one of the most evil men in American public life." Chambers is reduced to "a psychopath," whose hounding of Hiss was probably motivated by frustrated homosexual love. Dropping his former snarl that Chambers was a "self-confessed traitor," Hiss cites the opinion of someone or another that Chambers was never a Soviet agent himself, his "emotional instability" casting doubt on his claims (or maybe disqualifying him for the role).

Loxley F. Nichols is a professor of English at Loyola College in Baltimore.

J. O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island.

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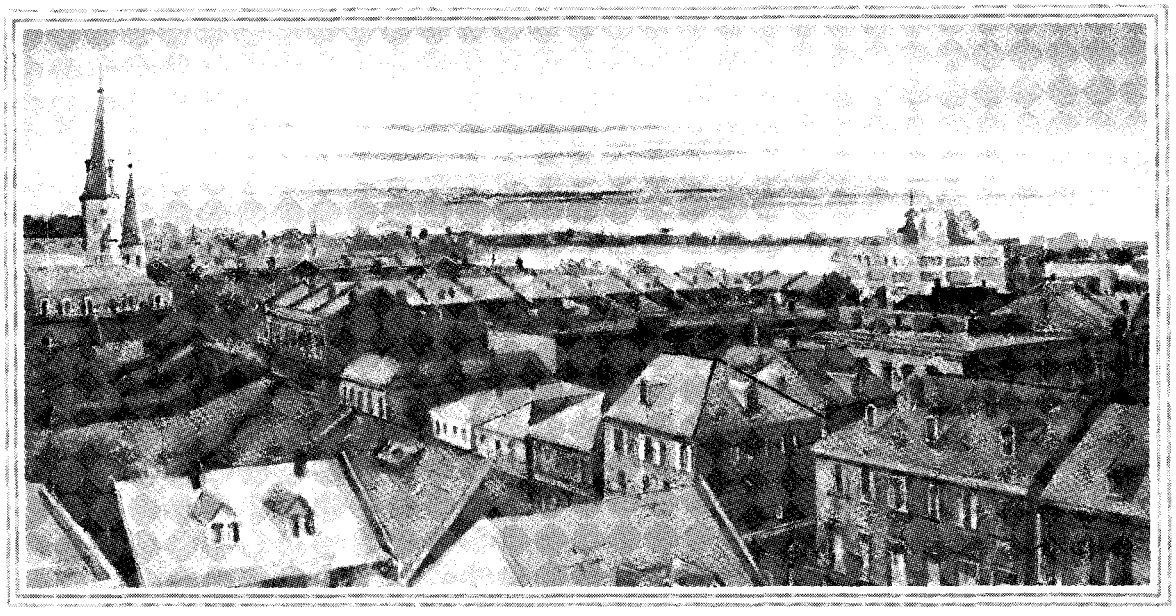

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Hiss devotes four pages of ineffectual venom to Chambers, and here, for once, you sense emotion, strangled by the constraints of a lifelong pose. He can only accuse Chambers of such things as can be constructed out of matters of record; even Chambers's death 27 years ago can't free him to say all he'd like to say. He's both lastingly furious at Chambers and remarkably *uninterested* in him, as if he still can't bear to look him in the face.

Whatever else Chambers was, he was, on any hypothesis, interesting. He fascinates his defamers as well as his admirers. Only Alger Hiss, of all people, seems incurious about how a man could have invented, so vividly, so plausibly, so resonantly, what Hiss is forced to call a pack of lies. After forty years, Hiss discerns no mystery there, no talent even, just a crank to be explained away with the mechanistic jargon of psychoanalysis.

To flatten the story out, to boil it down to confusing details about the documents, and, especially, to deflect attention away from the adversary's story—that's Hiss's strategy. He has not had Kim Philby's luxury of flight to safety, confessional braggadocio, and self-justification; the rewards that should accompany old age, such as the Lenin Prize, have been denied him. With plenty of time for brilliant afterthoughts, he's been trapped by decisions he made a generation ago, sustained only by the support of the shrinking band of Stalinists who still want or pretend to believe that he was never one of them. □

THE WASTE LAND

J. O. Tate

A Sinking Island: The Modern English Writers, by Hugh Kenner (Knopf, 304 pp., $19.95)

CAROLYN HEILBRUN'S review of Lyndall Gordon's *Virginia Woolf: A Writer's Life* (*The New York Times Book Review*, Feb. 10, 1985) was—so I thought at the time—a truly representative screed: a specimen of contemporary "literary" "culture." It's all about the autobiographical nature of art and the obscurities of feminine wisdom and we get to "the masculinist bias of English departments" PDQ.

But we also get to the author—and the subject—of *A Sinking Island*: "Mrs. Gordon's measured account of 'a writer's life' . . ." wrote Mrs. Heilbrun, "should do much to place Woolf where she belongs, at the heart of the canon of what Hugh Kenner mistakenly calls 'the Pound Era.'" The caucus spokesperson apparently did not understand Kenner's *The Pound Era*; but we may be able to glean something for ourselves from Kenner's latest exploration of Modernism.

Taking Virginia Woolf, then, as a pathological sample, we find her in Kenner's account properly embedded in Bloomsbury; and we find in Bloomsbury too much smug nonsense:

> Indeed, tending the legend of Virginia Woolf may be thought of as a Bloomsbury cottage industry. Quentin Bell, her nephew, wrote her biography. His wife, Anne Oliver Bell, edited the five volumes of her diaries. Nigel Nicolson, son of her flame Vita Sackville-West ("Am I in love with her? But what is love?"), saw to the six volumes of her letters. And her husband, Leonard Woolf, not only supplied the armature narrative in his five-volume autobiography, he also patiently edited her fugitive pieces, four volumes beyond the two she published herself, and repackaged the whole in a multi-tome *Collected Essays*. As this page was written a like service had not been performed for T. S. Eliot, whose *Egoist* essays you must still chase down in *The Egoist*. It all amounts to an assertion she'd not have made [but Mrs. Heilbrun did], that she was her time's regnant sensibility.
>
> . . . Still, a confluence of interest seems worth remarking: a family agreement that genius does credit to the family.

Kenner aptly places the Bloomsberries and isolates Mrs. Woolf's failure to comprehend the *annus mirabilis* of 1922, to come to terms with Joyce and Eliot and their epochal works. Of course, she wasn't above what Wyndham Lewis described as "undergraduate imitation" of *Ulysses* in *Mrs. Dalloway*. Yet the author of *Ulysses* was somehow, in her eyes, "illiterate, underbred"—"a queasy undergraduate scratching his pimples." No wonder Kenner says, "Virginia was a wonder, an imperturbable champion snob, in her diaries . . . as serenely dislikable a lady as English annals afford." The moneyed connoisseurship of Bloomsbury, the sheer incompetence of Roger Fry, Clive Bell and his "significant form," the "art" of Vanessa Bell! As late as 1958, Kenner reminds us, Clive Bell "answered a question about the greatest colorists in the history of art: 'Why, dear boy, Titian, Matisse, and Duncan Grant.'"

But the many shortcomings of Mrs. Woolf and her even less talented associates are only part of a larger story, an idiosyncratic exposition by the premier analyst and celebrant of International Modernism. For forty years Hugh Kenner has been educating those who have given him their attention; and he has done so through a remarkable medium: a unique prose style that implies a way of seeing things. I don't mean that Kenner is a "stylist," but that to construe one of his sentences is to be jogged out of the mental rut that often makes reading passive. He makes his reader think, actively and all the time. There's no more challenging expositor. Stick with him, and there's no more rewarding one, either.

In *A Sinking Island*, Kenner does for England what he did for the United States in *A Homemade World* (1975), and for Ireland in *A Colder Eye* (1983); but with a difference, because "This English case is altogether trickier." And that may explain, if not entirely justify, what looks like a self-invitation: "So intricate is our story that narration must be highly selective." Selective with a vengeance. But then the theme of the volume is "how the mother-country of 'English' became a headquarters for articulate Philistia"—and that's a theme that doesn't play well evenhandedly.

The industrialization of literature Kenner represents by Everyman's Library and *Tit-Bits*, by Marie Corelli and the unforgettable Philip Beaufoy, whose "For Vera's Sake" he reproduces in full. After the Great War, though, and after the *annus mirabilis*, there's a regression to the world of the bookmen, the middlebrows. In accounting for decades of writing, this author will surprise many by his judgments, his exclusions, and his emphases: "Early Auden was the Cleveland of up-to-date poetry, when he wasn't being the Graham Greene of literature."

Along the way, Kenner does his work incisively; and I for one won't

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RIGHT THINKING

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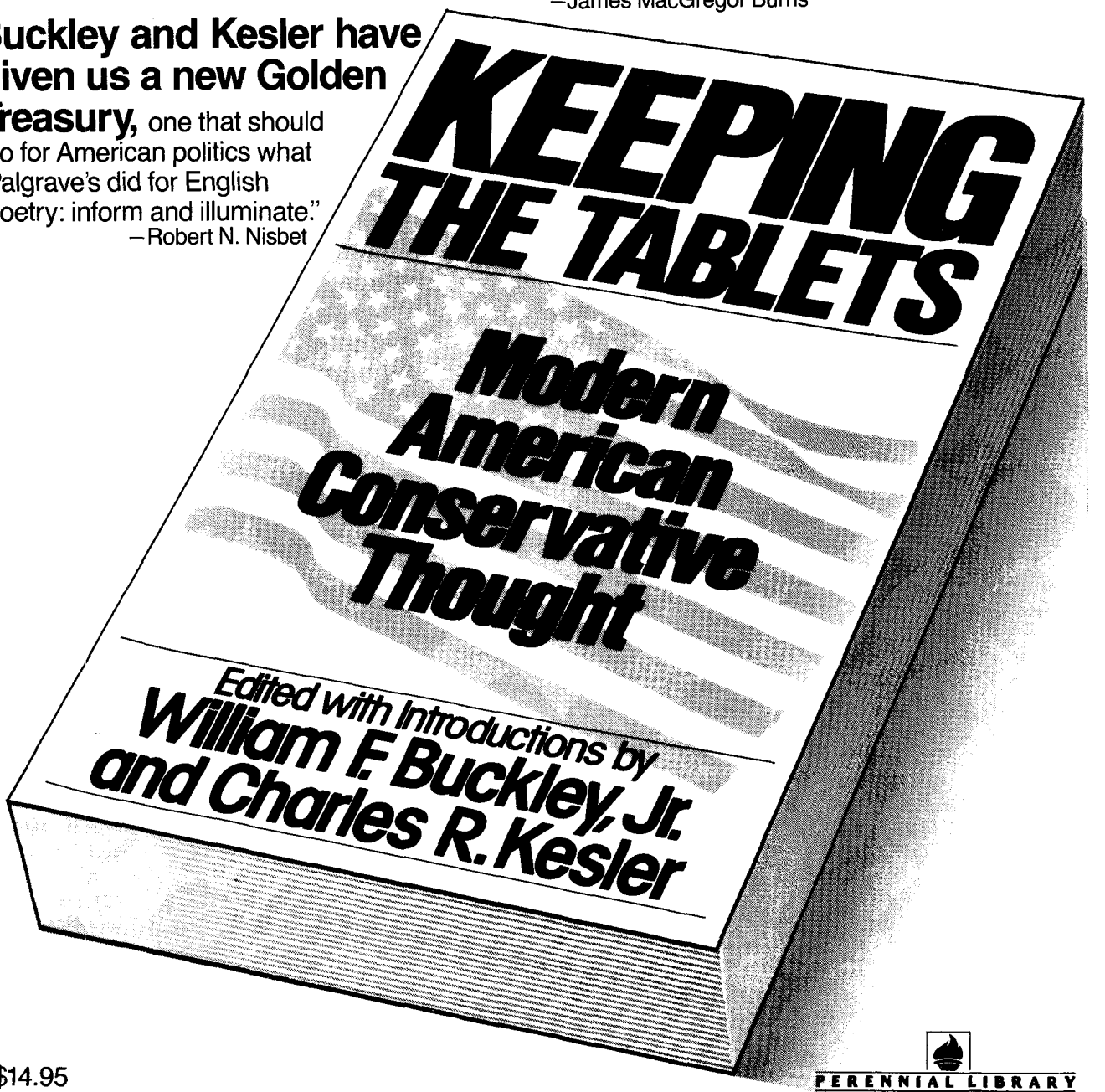

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LEFT OVER FROM AUGUST: *The Life of Herbert Hoover: The Humanitarian, 1914-1917* (Norton, $25), constitutes Volume Two in George H. Nash's splendid, multi-volume biography of the 31st President. Here, Nash deals with Hoover's brilliant management of the Commission for Relief in Belgium—the biggest relief program in history—during World War I, which made the name of Herbert Hoover perhaps the most famous in the United States and represents the first step taken by the former mining engineer in the direction of the Presidency.

☐ COMING IN SEPTEMBER: In *Collusion across the Jordan: King Abdullah, the Zionist Movement, and the Partition of Palestine* (Columbia, $40), Avi Shlaim, an Oxford instructor in international relations, documents convincingly the claim that King Abdullah of Jordan, who was assassinated in 1951, really was involved (as many of his associates charged) in secret diplomacy with Israeli leaders as a means of facilitating his ambition to create a greater Jordanian Empire, thus hastening the partition of Palestine that left over a million Palestinians stranded.

The Company of Critics: Social Criticism and Political Commitment in the Twentieth Century (Basic, $19.95), by Michael Walzer, is a re-examination of the clichéd ideal of the social critic as detached outsider, which argues instead that critical acumen is a function of moral engagement, not of emotional distance. Among the 11 critics whom Walzer considers are Martin Buber, Randolph Bourne, Simone de Beauvoir, Herbert Marcuse, and Michael Foucault. . . . In *Harvard Diary: Reflections on the Sacred and the Secular* (Crossroad, $16.95), by Robert Coles, we have an omnibus of the author's columns written for *The New Oxford Review*, on such divers subjects as school prayer (he's for it), the gay-rights movement (he's against it), teenage pregnancy, and the virtues of such favorite writers as Flannery O'Connor, Walker Percy, and Simone Weil.

Post- to Neo: The Art World of the 1980s (Holt, $19.95), by Calvin Tomkins, takes after the faddism and hype of the New York art scene, attacking such over-inflated reputations as those of Schnabel and Borofsky, and praises Picasso, Alex Katz, construction art in public spaces, and de Kooning. —CW

forget some instruction about *The Waste Land* and its relation, through Dryden, to Vergil. On the subject of Eliot's poem as on much else, Hugh Kenner is unexcelled at making firm a fine distinction:

> [Eliot's] point seems not to be, not what used to be often alleged, that the present is tediously inferior to the past: rather, that the present is inferior to its own best potential insofar as it courts resemblance to the past. Tradition, with the whole past of Europe in its bones, ought to be engaged on something new.

In this account, the present situation's a grim one. The contemporary scene is so fragmented, chaotic, centrifugal, and corrupt that "there's no longer an English Literature." But this time the eloquence of the messenger may be a balm that relieves the message. Kenner's digression on bicycles is as necessary as his depiction of Henry James offering to assist H. G. Wells with his handling of Mars. His leave-taking has a cheerful rue: "The *TLS* does its best, it really does. And any month now, we may look for another book about Virginia Woolf." ☐

WILLIAM KENNEDY, MAXIMALIST

Loxley F. Nichols

Quinn's Book, by William Kennedy (Viking, 289 pp., $18.95)

YOU COULD say that William Kennedy is just being perverse. Perversely out of date, if you happen to think like the student in a Johns Hopkins seminar who asked Mr. Kennedy why he didn't write "like a minimalist, like present-day authors such as Raymond Carver . . ." Or perversely unfeeling, if you are of a mind with another student, who asked, in reference to the 1930s setting of *Ironweed*, why Mr. Kennedy didn't write about the plight of the homeless *today*? To the first naïve question, Kennedy replied that he could not write "like a minimalist" because he was not one, responding rather to the influence of Faulkner and Joyce and believing that "complexity is more representative." To the second, Mr. Kennedy answered simply that "Those who want to write about the present state of the homeless should write sociology books."

William Kennedy has not visited Johns Hopkins lately, so far as I know, but there is no telling what kind of questions his latest novel might inspire, as it is even less "contemporary" than *Ironweed*. Set between 1849 and 1864, *Quinn's Book* is a historical novel of sorts, with a fictional narrative as overlay to a generally factual background. The story has to do with the love affair between journalist Daniel Quinn and actress Maud Fallon; it begins with their falling in love as adolescents and ends with the consummation of that love as adults. But while their love affair forms the fictional perimeters of the book, it by no means constricts the plot: we follow Daniel outside Maud's theatrical domain to adventures involving the Underground Railroad and Civil War battlefields, secret societies and labor riots.

Commenting on his young protégé's decision to leave Albany in order to search for Maud, *Albany Chronicle* editor Will Canaday says, "Then your journey is really a romantic quest." Although he is referring only to Quinn's amorous motivations, Canaday unwittingly articulates the theme of the entire novel, which is a "romantic quest" in the larger sense as well. Quinn travels from adolescence to manhood, from penniless orphan to acclaimed war correspondent, all the while following the path of the knight errant, who, inspired by love, willingly but unselfconsciously engages in heroic deeds and dangerous rescues, and ultimately goes off to war armed with a pen as his sword.

Like Kennedy's previous work, this story takes place in and around Albany; but its most important setting is not the town as a whole, but a single house. The "mystical province" to which Quinn is drawn time and time again is the grand Dutch mansion of Hillegond Staats, whose power "was very old power and reeked of money and leisure and exploitation." In Quinn's attraction to this house we find echoes of Faulkner's "Barn Burning." The Staats mansion represents to Daniel Quinn what Major de Spain's

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house represents to Colonel Sartoris Snopes: safety, hope, dignity.

That genealogy figures prominently in this book might also reflect Faulkner's influence, as the characters are defined not just by who they are but by who their people were. We relish such ancestors as the cross-eyed Jacobus Staats who married the wall-eyed Catrina Wessels and then, after Catrina's death, purchased an Indian squaw named Moonlight of the Evening for a pint of gin.

Mr. Kennedy describes with brilliant precision. A parade of departing immigrants, an "Irish circus," is captured with Hogarthian clarity:

> Here came a man with two children on his shoulders and three more in tow, a woman nursing slung babies at both naked breasts as she walked along. The day was chill, but some men walked bare-chested, galluses holding their trousers, their feet in rotting boots. A man with a bull terrier under his arm had grown neck whiskers like a dog collar, his face otherwise clean of hair. A boy in a small cart drawn by a jackass played on the pennywhistle a Gaelic air.

The sexual encounters that frame the story—a serious love scene and a farcical resuscitation of an unconscious courtesan through the "ministrations of love"—are also expertly rendered, a feat Mr. Kennedy has not always managed in the past.

Despite its individual triumphs, however, *Quinn's Book* is finally only a moderate success. Its achievements are offset by a number of failings, the most egregious being the dialogue. Except for the colorfully expressive skiffman John the Brawn and the sage Will Canaday, the characters often sound wooden and trite. The prelude to Quinn's ultimate victory with Maud is a fine example of the worst:

> "You're monopolizing Maud," he said to me.
>
> "I was about to take her somewhere and make love to her," I said.
>
> "You had better quit that sort of talk, fellow."
>
> "It's more than talk, Gordon."
>
> "I'm going to marry this woman," he said.
>
> "I've loved her for 15 years," I said. "Do you think now that I've found her I'll just walk away from her?"
>
> "Maud," he said, "I want you out of this situation."

His characterizations, too, are often insubstantial. Maud does not enthrall us as she should; her repeated requests to be kidnapped sound silly.

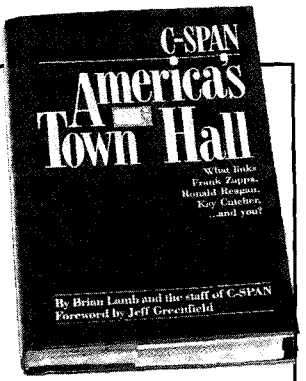
Even with its flaws, however, *Quinn's Book* marks a departure in style more than a diminution of talent. It bears an unmistakable resemblance to *The Ink Truck*, Kennedy's first novel, set in the 1960s. There is in the new book some of the same zany absurdity, the same syncopated tempo, the same abruptness (and occasional disjointedness) that set its predecessor apart from the old-fashioned lyricism and fluidity of the Albany trilogy. Perhaps *Quinn's Book* is a bit "contemporary" after all. □

A SORT OF STRAITJACKET

Chilton Williamson Jr.

Callas at Juilliard: The Master Classes, by John Ardoin (Knopf, 300 pp., $24.95)

I REMEMBER BEING on a ferry in the middle of Block Island Sound that September day in 1977 when I picked up the *New York Times* and read on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By Brian Lamb and the staff of C-SPAN
Foreword by Jeff Greenfield

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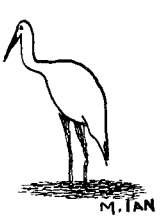
the front page the news that Maria Callas had died of a heart attack at the age of 53 in her Paris apartment. I was too young to have heard Callas in performance at the Metropolitan Opera (where, in any event, she made very few appearances), and I had not listened to her recordings; the name of Maria Callas was mainly associated in my mind with yachts in the Mediterranean and the comical reaction that had greeted Aristotle Onassis's choice of a bride. (Even in those days, it seemed to me that it was Miss Callas's fans, not Camelot's, who had cause for indignation.) "Oh, well," I thought, "another media celebrity shoved off to the Happy Hunting Grounds." It was to be another seven years before, in the grimmest throes of an interminable Wyoming winter, I discovered those records.

Maria Callas retired from the stage in 1965, her voice and her artistic willpower played out after a public career lasting almost 25 years and characterized by a positively daemonic energy hitched to an uncompromising perfectionism. She did not sing in public for eight years after that, and when at last she attempted a comeback, it was a fiasco. "It's all tension, you know," she said. During that time she had been taking her voice down, so to speak, trying to build it up from nothing again, like a conservatory student. In the process of doing this, she was apparently forced to articulate for herself, precisely and formally, the concept and techniques upon which her art rested; when, therefore, Peter Mennin, President of the Juilliard School of Music in New York, invited her to work with a select group of 25 young professional singers in a series of master classes in "The Lyric Tradition," she accepted the offer. The classes ran from October 1971 to March 1972, during which period the soprano presided "like a Delphic Oracle," as one commentator put it, before sold-out audiences of students, fans, the press, and such distinguished colleagues as Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Tito Gobbi, Bidù Sayão, and Franco Zeffirelli. In John Ardoin's words, "Not only were Callas's comments extraordinary insights into her training and thinking, but they were a virtual summing-up of a grand-line operatic tradition reaching back to Donizetti, Verdi, and beyond, which she had learned and practiced under such conducting giants as Tullio Serafin and Victor de Sabata. It is a tradition of which Callas was not only a principal exponent but one of the last of the breed."

Ardoin, who is the author of *The Callas Legacy* and co-author (with Gerald Fitzgerald) of *Callas*, has made a truly superb book from this material. Producing it, he explains,

> was far more than a matter of providing a literal transcription of what went on in the classes, for many of Callas's most penetrating "remarks" were sung rather than spoken. The points made through vocal examples had to be interpreted and translated into words. This meant listening "between the lines" to what was sung and supplying the reasons for many musical points when not given or fleshed out. Furthermore, as many of Callas's remarks were directed to the specific problems of a specific singer, they had to be adapted to fit the problems that singers in general would face. . . . In presenting Callas's ideas, I have tried to keep her words when possible, but at times foreign-language expressions and musical terms had to be converted into English, thoughts had to be paraphrased, clarified, and above all organized into a concise flow.

Finally, Ardoin created a prologue "from general remarks made during the classes and from interviews given myself and others," in which Callas discusses such matters as her early training with Elvira de Hidalgo, the building of an operatic career, and reflections upon the nature of her art. The result is, quite simply, one of the best books I have ever read on singing, and one that I would imagine to be of as great value to singers and musicians generally as Flannery O'Connor's *Mystery and Manners* is to writers of fiction. It is, in addition, the lucidly triumphant personal expression of a very great artist who was also, despite her (quite undeserved) reputation as a classic theater bitch, a woman of unshakable courage, enormous integrity, and genuine humility.



Maria Callas, of course, revolutionized the Italian repertory and style in the twentieth century, thus returning to the great opera houses of the world long-overlooked gems of nineteenth-century *bel canto* composition. *Bel canto*, she insists, is not simply a matter of "beautiful singing"; rather, it is "a method . . . a sort of straitjacket you must put on. You learn how to approach a note, how to attack it, how to form a legato, how to create a mood, how to breathe so there is a feeling of only a beginning and an ending. In between, it must seem as if you have taken only one big breath, though in actuality there will be many phrases with many little breaths. [But] above all, *bel canto* is expression." A born actress, after whom no podgy singer could ever again with impunity squat grossly upon the stage and waggle stock semaphoric gestures, she declares, "Music was all the acting training I ever had."

This book is best read with the great recordings at hand—*La sonnambula*, conducted by Leonard Bernstein and recorded live at Teatro alla Scala in 1955; the 1957 *Anna Bolena*, also recorded live at the Scala and with a magnificent supporting performance by Giulietta Simionato; the 1955 Scala *Traviata* with the superb baritone Ettore Bastianini—along with the aforementioned *Callas*, in which Fitzgerald's photographs capture the soprano's every nuance of poise, gesture, and expression. Thus circumstanced, the reader is prepared to follow Madame Callas as she breaks down one aria after another, bar by bar: *fermata*, *glissando*, *portamento*. (The volume, by the way, is replete with musical examples; offered for the most part as Callas herself would have them sung, rather than as they may appear in the printed score.)

On "*Casta diva*," from Bellini's *Norma*: "As [the aria] is a consequence of this domination [of the priestess over her people], the . . . lines must be kept very peaceful, very silvery, as a contrast to the powerful recitative just before. . . . This opening page must be kept very smooth, very clean, with all the pitches exact and covered by a good *legato*. Be particularly careful not to change the color of your voice while singing the ornaments; they should be a single sound."

On tempo in general: "Remember, tempo is a question of attitude, and your attitude is what is most important. . . . You can save yourself and the situation [a fast conductor] by striking a slower attitude within his fast tempo. You do this through the way in which you handle your sound, the way you weight your words."

Discussing the "Willow Song" from

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Verdi's *Otello*: "Three cries of '*salce*' occur at four different points in the aria. Each '*salce*' needs a different color, and each group must be different from the previous group. For the first time, I would sing the '*salce*' *forte*, then *piano*, then *pianissimo*, each time draining a bit more color and vibrancy from your tone until the last is like an echo from a great distance."

On characterization: "My *Traviata* has changed also, though my Norma much less so. With Violetta, I gradually realized that her kind of sickness would not permit many or quick movements. I also learned that the less she moves, . . . the more the music gains."

Two popular myths pertain to opera, the first—that it is a dead art, irrelevant to modern ways of feeling and thinking—of relatively modern vintage; the second—that opera singers, as a breed, are dumb; in fact, that they can hardly be called musicians at all—of more hoary pedigree. Callas herself recognized some truth in Myth Number One: "[We] must search and change in order to convince the public of what we are doing, for opera is a dead form in the sense that it is hard today to accept anyone singing, 'I love you,' 'I hate you.' This can be spoken, it can be screamed, but it is out of fashion to sing it. Yet we have to ask the public to accept it, and the only way they will is if we bring a bit of fresh air . . . Everything must be as credible as possible within the limitations the composer has left us."

Of Myth Number Two, her words now, as well as her records, stand in ultimate refutation. □

FILM

TURN ON, TOON IN, DROP OUT

John Simon

CHANCES ARE you'll get your share of laughs and dazzlement out of *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*; I did. But looking back on it, an inchoate discomfort with the film turns into disappointment: a very grand gimmick has been made insufficient use of. The most elaborate and technically advanced mixing of live actors and cartoon characters ever—far surpassing earlier experiments of this type—should have yielded something at least as great as the sum of its arts.

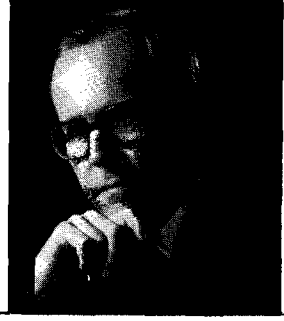
The premise of *Roger Rabbit* is that back in the happy Hollywood of 1947, cartoon characters really existed. Known as Toons, they lived in Toontown, were very nearly indestructible, and became stars in much the same way human performers did. Only, as R. K. Maroon, the head of Maroon Studios, observes as Dumbo flies in and out for a cameo appearance (almost every cartoon character that ever was shows up, however briefly), *they* work for peanuts. This is the first inconsistency. Since Roger Rabbit, one of Maroon's contract players, has a gorgeous humanoid wife, Jessica, who drives a fancy car and is altogether *de luxe* (she sings at a Toon nightclub for an exclusive human clientele), some of these peanuts must be golden.

Would that the plot were. It is a rather routine mystery in which Eddie Valiant, a down-at-heel private eye, is hired by Maroon to get evidence on whether Jessica is cheating on Roger with Marvin Acme, the rich manufacturer of party gags: a terrible certainty would be better than the doubt that is undermining Roger's concentration. And, indeed, Jessica is photographed playing patty-cake with Marvin, which seems to be the way Toons have sex. Roger goes berserk, Marvin is killed by a safe dropped on his head (a typical Toon murder weapon—it is the way a Toon killed Eddie's brother), and Roger is the prime suspect. Taking the law into his hands is the evil, Toon-hating Judge Doom, who has a scheme for razing Toontown and using the land for the first of a network of freeways "with wonderful, wonderful billboards reaching as far as the eye can see." Judge Doom has his private police—vicious Toon weasels with genuine guns—and a turpentiney liquid in which he can dip Toons and dissolve them at his whim.

This is the problem with *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*: however brilliantly these three-dimensional cartoon figures that cast actual shadows interact with human beings (the technical difficulties that had to be overcome by animators and actors are awesome to contemplate), the human world and the Toon world have not been made to mesh properly. For part of the ac-

THE BATTLE OF 1988 IS ON!

—and here comes William A. Rusher, to make it all intelligible.



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tion follows human laws, rules, values, e.g., the life and modus operandi of a boozing, failing shamus; but another part is strictly cartoony, e.g., the sinister Dipping Judge with his private, murderous police conducting a kangaroo court. It is all right for a talking taxicab or jabbering jumping-bean dum-dum bullets to enter the human world; but a human world run by looney-tunes law (unless it is clever satire, which it isn't here) doesn't sit well.

Neither does Jessica's sexuality make sense. Though she is a Toon, she is shaped like the sexiest of women (Kathleen Turner does her funny-suggestive voice), which makes her being married to Roger look like some sort of unappetizing zoophilia. She even confirms this with the line, "I love you more than any woman has ever loved a rabbit," which, once the laugh subsides, turns unsavory. As a nightclub chanteuse, with her build (when Eddie suddenly rises from a crouching position at her feet, his head bangs clangorously against her turret-like breasts), clothes, and persona, she must provide the likes of Marvin Acme with more than patty-cake. Yet it is only in that flimsy *flagrante delicto* that she is caught. Eddie's girlfriend is quite humanly jealous of this Toon, and rightly so, since she arouses not only Eddie but also a good part of the theater audience with which I saw the film.

It seems to me that you cannot switch dispensations in a plot: all sorts of things can be mixed together, but finally it has to be a Toon world or a human world, or two separate worlds (e.g., Kansas and Oz), each with its own discrete dispensation. Obviously, the filmmakers (Robert Zemeckis, the director, and Jeffrey Price and Peter S. Seaman, who loosely adapted the book by Gary K. Wolf—who, I trust, is human rather than a lupine cartoon) think it's funny to exploit this bizarre blend, but it undercuts the life-giving consistency of either movies or cartoons. Dogs playing water polo is funny; dogs playing water polo against human beings even funnier. But the water polo must remain water polo; it cannot change its rules in mid game without forfeiting much of the fun.

This said, I must express my admiration for Bob Hoskins, the marvelous English actor who gives a gloriously funny-serious performance as Eddie. Not only did he have to act opposite a rabbit—even handcuffed to him for

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quite a while—but, unlike Elwood P. Dowd, he could never see that bunny. All the live action had to be shot separately, the cartoon action superimposed afterward. Yet the amalgam is just about perfect. Several critics have noted that in his small, irascible rotundity, Hoskins suggests a cartoon character, which contributes to the humor. Maybe so; but most of it is still generated by his splendid acting, down to an American accent rather better than most British performers can summon up.

The rest of the human contingent is less impressive, but, then, so are the human roles. Some reviewers have seen a kind of allegory here: the Toons and Toontown standing for blacks and their ghettos. Certain parallels can indeed be perceived, such as the Toon nightclub catering to humans (i.e., the white patrons at a place like the Cotton Club). But nothing much comes of this, and one wonders whether anything like it was even intended. *Roger Rabbit* is plainly a film for technology's sake and so, ultimately, a case of the tail wagging the rabbit. The combined Disney, Spielberg, and Lucas empires labored on this circa-$45-million effort, however, and I have no doubt that they'll earn back every penny of it and then some. Why, life-sized rubber Jessica Rabbit dolls alone—once they think of marketing them—could recoup the outlay.

A Fish Called Wanda has a fish by that name in it, but the fish is only a real fish and can do nothing much beyond getting eaten alive (simulation, never fear!) by Kevin Kline, who also chews up the scenery. There is likewise a *girl* called Wanda, and she is played by Jamie Lee Curtis. Miss Curtis has very nearly the breastwork of Jessica Rabbit, but otherwise she looks much more like her father, Tony Curtis, than her mother, Janet Leigh, which is unfortunate. Wanda and Otto (Kline) pretend to be brother and sister, though actually they are lovers, she an adventuress and he an ex-CIA man turned hitman, stupid but pretentious and given to reading Nietzsche, whom he doesn't understand. They are in cahoots with George, a British hoodlum, also Wanda's lover, and his sidekick Ken (Michael Palin), a desperate stammerer and shy animal-lover and fish-fancier, whose association with George strains our credulity like so much else in this film about a diamond heist and its aftermath that sweats torrentially trying to be funny.

After the successful heist, dog begins to eat dog. Or, to change the animal image, Wanda and Otto rat on George, who is apprehended, but not before he has stashed the loot in a new hiding place, unknown to the Americans. The double- and quadruple-dealing Wanda now proceeds to seduce Archie (John Cleese), a repressed and unhappily married barrister, who is defending George and to whom, she hopes, George will reveal the location of the jewels. But Otto's ravening jealousy sabotages Wanda's vamping, as does Archie's desiccated and suspicious wife (Marie Aitken, in the film's most interesting performance), while additional strained humor is provided by an elderly lady with three dogs who witnessed George's crime and must be eliminated by Ken, who, however, keeps accidentally offing the canines, much to his chagrin. I'm sorry, but that's the humor of it.

A Fish Called Wanda is noteworthy only because it was written by John Cleese, once of Monty Python, now shrunk to a garden snake, with the help of 77-year-old Charles Crichton, who also directed. Crichton was the director of *The Lavender Hill Mob* and other choice Ealing comedies, and it is instructive to juxtapose *Mob* and *Wanda*, separated by 37 years in time and a veritable abyss in quality. Although *Wanda* can lay claim to all manner of new technical resources, as well as to greatly relaxed censorship (even so, its ending had to be softened), one thing is clear: from the point of view of finesse and artistry, the heist movie, like just about every other genre, has regressed immeasurably. □

SOUND ON DISC

SALUTE THE COMMODORE

Ralph de Toledano

New York's jazz world, back in the 1930s, was still palpitating happily over Benny Goodman's invasion of Carnegie Hall—with the best of the rhythm world's performers in tow—when it became known that another intrepid adventurer had launched a new record label. Dedicated to what he called the "righteous" jazz, Milt Gabler, whose Commodore Music Shop on 52nd Street had become the mecca of jazz buffs and jazz musicians, had brought together a number of the finest practitioners of what was then called Chicago-style jazz.

The musicians on the Gabler date had been heard the evening before at Carnegie Hall—Jess Stacy, Benny Goodman's piano player, still had a lame wrist from the concert—but played now in a style far more deeply etched in jazz than BG's product. Eddie Condon had brought the group together, as he had so many times over the lean years, and it included the core of what would become the basic Commodore band: Bobby Hackett on cornet; tenor sax Bud Freeman, by appointment the intellectual of jazz; George Brunies, tailgate trombonist; George Wettling, drums, known for being able, on the bandstand, to goose the girl vocalist without missing a beat; Pee Wee Russell, who downrated his fine playing by referring to his "spit clarinet"; and others.

On that date, the band cut a number of notable sides—but outstanding was a 12-incher, unusual for that time,

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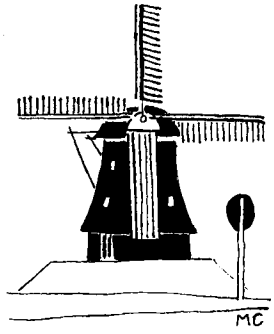
of a slow blues, "Carnegie Drag," with Stacy's barrelhouse, Hackett's Bixian progressions, and Pee Wee, spit and all. Several trio sides—featuring Freeman's honking horn, Stacy, and Wettling—were more than an answer to the Benny Goodman Trio, and produced a bouncing and lilting kind of jazz seldom heard in the bistros and music spas. This was history being made, for seldom had a jazz style been delineated with such artistic *bonhomie*, such musical relaxation, and such quiet *élan* in a recording studio. For this, Milt Gabler was responsible.

The Condon Windy City Seven band continued to record, sometimes as Bud Freeman and His Gang, and it gave us a long catalogue of top-drawer jazz. One date in particular merits enthusiastic mention. With Jack Teagarden, whose own swing-time band never made it either musically or at the cash register, the group recorded a superlative "Embraceable You"—as well as "Serenade to a Shylock," a Big T *mamo mamo mamo* blues number with moving and scintillating solos by Teagarden, Hackett, Stacy, and Russell. Teagarden recorded many such songs, but this was the master product.



The Commodore-Gabler label began to diversify, bringing in other musicians. Count Basie's great sidemen of the time—Lester Young, tenor; Buck Clayton, trumpet; and the Basie rhythm section *sans* the Count—took over the old Brunswick studios late in 1938 to cut some of the most evocative music done in the Kansas City style. This included the nostalgic "I Want a Little Girl," which the McKinney's Cotton Pickers from K.C. had immortalized, in which Satchmo had made his obeisance to that "goil"—and which now arose as pure jazz *bel canto*.

Milt Gabler's prescience and ear for the real music gave this writer his one flickering moment of glory. A friend had remarked on the amount of time her younger brother devoted to listening to and recreating the piano music of the old jazz records and asked me to listen to him and tell her if he was wasting his time. I listened and the next day took him down to see Gabler. Result: Mel Powell sat in on piano at the next Commodore date, and then went on to play with Benny Goodman. (I have not seen Powell since, but the Powell recordings in the Gabler catalogue are thank-you enough.) The Commodore catalogue stretched out to include one date at which Benny Goodman hid behind the *nom de jazz* of Shoeless Joe Jackson and another with Fats Waller somewhat similarly disguised.

Willie "the Lion" Smith, that immensely talented braggart, was given an entire session to himself, playing those ragtimey and delicately tinted original compositions with which he had delighted many friends and some audiences for years—and a fascinating concerto for three pianos, with Stacy and Joe Bushkin. The great tenor saxes and the great trumpets were similarly anthologized on the Commodore label. But Gabler went beyond this in his passion to preserve the very best of jazz. The last and most important recordings of that towering genius, Jelly Roll Morton, since his Red Hot Pepper days were bought up from a failing record company and reissued by Commodore. So were those few great sides made on an equally transient label, Varsity, by Jess Stacy with Irving Fazola, a white New Orleans clarinetist, whose beautiful arabesques were so seldom recorded.

And perhaps Billie Holiday's best record, *Fine and Mellow*, was made for Commodore. It includes what she had earlier called "Billie's Blues"—with Frankie Newton's quietly sustained *obbligato* adding a touch to its greatness—and "Strange Fruit," a Popular Front tune about lynching raised to the heights by Billie's plangent voice and a delivery that seemed to invent *tempo rubato*.

In short, the Commodore recordings were at once a jazz panorama, a jazz history, and an *explication de texte* of America's greatest contribution to the musical arts. Over the years, with the advent of the long-playing record, some of these sides were reissued, while many were forgotten. But now, as if an archaeologist were able to restore the Ark, Mosaic Records has begun the mammoth and joyous task of reissuing them. The first 23 LPs of this great compendium of jazz have been issued in Volume I.

Only 2,500 sets were made of *The Complete Commodore Jazz Recordings, Volume I*, which means that the 2,501st collector will have to do without. Those who have heard and experienced what Mosaic Records (197 Strawberry Hill Avenue, Stamford, Conn. 06902) gave us in its reissues of the Blue Note Art Hodes and Sidney Bechet will realize how great is our debt of gratitude to that intrepid and dedicated company of jazz aficionados. Were I to be banished to an uninhabited island, this Commodore album would be my first choice of jazz to take with me. □

DELECTATIONS

A HOUSE IN PERGO

Nika Hazelton

FOR 15 YEARS we had a house in the Tuscan countryside, way down on the border with Umbria. (I once had a spirited dispute with a food editor at the *New York Times*, who refused to believe me when I explained that the article I had sold her described Tuscan and not Umbrian cooking; there is a great deal of difference between the two. She relented only when I suggested she let the Italian consulate decide.)

Our house was situated in the Val d'Esse, near Cortona. Cortona is a wonderfully antique Tuscan hill town: you can see it for miles, crouching on a tall hill, as you come from Florence or from Rome on the motorway across the fertile Val di Chiana, once famous for its white cattle, used for beef (the renowned Florentine *bistecca*) as well as to plow the fields. Now only a very few of the white cattle are left; today *bistecca* is very likely to be from imported meat, and the cattle's work is mostly done by tractors.

After the war, Cortona became a favorite summering place for foreigners. But the town cannot be built up, because it is an historical monument, so the newcomers spilled out into the Val d'Esse, and notably into Pergo, the valley's chief settlement. These foreigners—among whom I have to count ourselves, even though I was Italian-born—bought up the old stone farmhouses on the hillsides and made them

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and peasants built modern cement houses down on the main road.

Pergo's biggest house was owned by a snobbish family from the American Midwest (Cleveland, I seem to remember) who loved to show off their costly premises to the upper-class Italians (dukes, etc.) and Americans in the valley. We, having only a very small and modest house, never got invited to their parties, which were said to be very elegant and boring. The most famous among the foreigners was Germaine Greer, the dazzlingly pretty Australian feminist, and a very kind and generous woman to boot. Claire Sterling, the journalist, and her husband also owned a large house in Pergo, but they were seldom there and all I can remember about them is that they wanted to have a trout fishery in our somewhat dry valley.

The Italians were, on the whole, unobtrusive and kept themselves to themselves. Once, however, there was a truly bizarre incident that had everyone talking, though in whispers. At one end of the valley, the end away from Cortona, someone, a stranger, had established a large property surrounded with a fence and furnished with large lamps, of the kind used as city street-lights. The place was illuminated like a prison compound, as I discovered one night when I lay sleepless, looking out over the otherwise-dark Val d'Esse. The villagers were already nervous, but they became really frightened during the next few days when the owner of the place, as they later told me, drove around in his car with the trunk filled with guns and demanded that eighty chickens be readied for him at the grocery store he patronized. Then, suddenly, he was gone from the district, and the valley was as dark as ever at night. We never discovered the man's name or identity; obviously, the village people either were too scared to tell or wanted not to frighten us.

But, normally, life in an Italian village is peaceful, though not cheap, even when the dollar had more value than it has now. I spent more on food than I did in New York, but we ate very well. Like all the foreigners, we did our shopping in Pergo's chief store, a conglomerate of grocery, butcher shop, and café owned and run by Giorgio, our very successful local entrepreneur. Giorgio was a very personable man, a former local soccer champion, and, like many Italian Communists, he believed in the free market and wanted to become rich. Giorgio and I quickly became good friends. During our early Tuscan summers, we would hire him and his big car for Sunday expeditions to Siena, Assisi, and so forth, and we got to know him quite well. We were touched when, one Sunday, Giorgio invited us for a *pranzo d'onore*—an enormous, lovingly and well-cooked noon dinner made by his patient and somewhat limited wife.

In time, Giorgio's oldest daughter, Stefania, took over the taxi service, and she too became a good friend. (I later invited her to stay with us in New York. She came, and loved everything about the city, except the food; there was no way of making her taste anything new.) Stefania was a very bright girl, and when I once asked her father why he did not educate her more seriously, he sagely said that then she would be just one more of the countless young Italians with a good education but no job in sight. By making her help him, and letting her canoodle with the local

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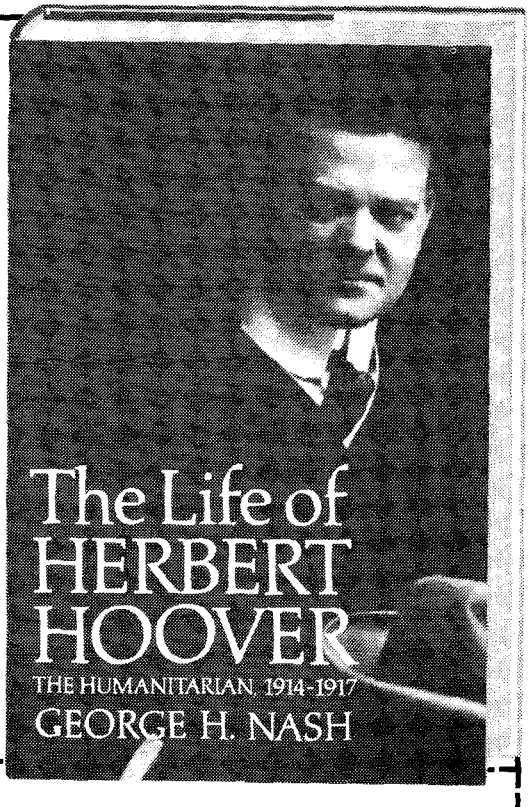

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lads, he gave the girl an assured position in the valley. Now Stefania has married her boyfriend, who is doing well as an electrician. Giorgio gave her an enormous wedding with very good food, helped her build her house, and furnished it with the fanciest bathroom and the obligatory bedroom suite. The wedding photographs are glorious and in color; like all wedding photographs from rural Tuscany, they conclude with the happy newlyweds embracing at the foot of the matrimonial bed.

We finally sold our Tuscan house because I could no longer skip lightly up and down the stairs, or the mountainside against which the house was built, and because it had become much too expensive to keep open for only one or two summer months. The villagers were also becoming concerned for our safety in an age of increasingly frequent break-ins and kidnappings; it would have taken some time for help to reach our solitary little house halfway up the mountain. I was sorry to

THE RIGHT BOOKS / WAYNE LUTTON

FOUNDED AT Amsterdam in 1948, the World Council of Churches originally sought to promote the extension of Christianity, to develop a greater sense of unity and purpose among its member denominations, and to explore ways by which the faith might come to be applied to contemporary political, social, and economic problems. Over the years, the WCC has instead evolved into an international organization that "provides ideas, training, and money for 'liberation' efforts driven by Marxist-Leninist fervor and frequently supported by the Soviet Union," as Ernest W. Lefever amply documents in his new book, *Nairobi to Vancouver: The World Council of Churches and the World, 1975-87* (Ethics & Public Policy Center, 1030 15th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005; $19.95).

Mr. Lefever has been following the WCC since its inception. In an earlier study, *Amsterdam to Nairobi* (1979), he reviewed the WCC's first thirty years, devoting particular attention to its approach toward the Third World. The present volume covers the 12 years since the WCC's Nairobi Assembly. Here he focuses on the WCC's treatment of seven issues: nuclear arms, Central America, Afghanistan, southern Africa, East Asia and the Pacific, economics, and the state of religion in the Soviet bloc.

The WCC has labeled the West's doctrine of nuclear deterrence "as unmitigated an evil as an actual war." At its 1983 General Assembly, held in Vancouver, British Columbia, the WCC issued a statement on "Justice, Peace, & Militarism," which asserted that "economic injustice, oppression, and exploitation" by white, Western countries are "the root causes of war." In 1987, the WCC's Central Committee criticized the Reagan Administration's Strategic Defense Initiative—though it does not view the USSR's military buildup as a threat to peace. Concerning Central America, the WCC has given its blessing to the Sandinistas in Nicaragua and "downplayed, overlooked, or even justified" their torture of political prisoners, repression of Indian minorities, and harassment of anti-Marxist churchmen.

In 1950, when Communist North Korea invaded South Korea, the WCC did not hesitate to denounce the attack as an act of aggression. Since 1961, however, the WCC has become dominated by Eastern-bloc and Third World representatives. Thus, when the Soviets invaded Afghanistan in 1979, the WCC echoed Moscow's position and actually suggested that blame for the on-going fighting rested on the United States for assisting the anti-Communist Afghan guerrillas.

The WCC's Central Committee considers "racism of white people" to be "the most dangerous and powerful" variety; it must be "combatted more urgently than any other form of racism or ethnocentrism." Although the WCC states that it hopes to help establish a "united, free, and democratic South Africa," it hardly comes as a surprise to learn that it actively supports Marxist revolutionary groups such as SWAPO (the South West Africa People's Organization) and the African National Congress.

Consistent with its stance toward Central America, Afghanistan, and South Africa, the WCC criticizes pro-Western governments in Asia and the Pacific, while overlooking the activities of Marxist regimes. When WCC General Secretary Philip Potter was challenged to address the issue of the mass murders perpetrated by the Communists in Cambodia, he sputtered, "The question is not whether or not any Cambodians have been killed. . . . There is too much self-righteousness on such issues. We should first of all take our own situation into account. We are all sinners."

The Council embraces a Marxist economic model and has repeatedly censured Western capitalism as constituting the principal source of "injustice in the prevailing economic order." As a remedy, it has called for a New International Economic Order that would redistribute resources and products from developed countries to the Third and Fourth Worlds.

The WCC has long insisted that "the right to religious freedom . . . is inseparable from other fundamental human rights." In practice, however, the Council "has repeatedly declined to protest religious repression and human-rights violations in the Soviet bloc." Reports of religious persecution behind the Iron Curtain have been dismissed as "unreliable."

The WCC's positions on key issues may appear to be incompatible with its stated mission and with the Christian moral tradition, and, indeed, Lefever explains that the Council is best understood "from the vantage point of revolutionary logic, including 'liberation theology,'" which "identifies itself closely with the Marxist-Leninist doctrine of 'national liberation.'" As such, the WCC has become a conduit for the Marxist penetration of organized Christianity, parallel to the "liberation theology" elements in the Roman Catholic Church.

Mr. Lefever is to be commended for detailing the spiritual and political bankruptcy of this pretentious organization, which clearly can offer Christians of conscience no useful instruction about the pressing issues of the day. □

Mr. Lutton, who is covering "The Right Books" this issue, is research director at The Summit, in Manitou Springs, Colorado.

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give it all up, but reason told me it was time to turn away from my atavistic Italian instinct for owning a piece of land, and come back full time to the best country in the world to live in, the United States of America. □

THE GIMLET EYE

BASEBALL POLITICS

D. Keith Mano

ONCE, AS liberal myth would have it, there were three great kingdoms in the land of New York baseball—a good Giant domain, an even more virtuous (and sensitive) Dodger realm, and that damn Yankee empire. Those first two had been franchised long before by the compassionate National League, where splendid black players first ran and threw. They won often enough, Giant and Dodger, but they never took it all that seriously: these were the "boys of summer" and, even now, they represent your lost childhood and mine. Then, one dismal season, suborned by capitalist greed, both Giant and Dodger went west—where today they wear gold chains and have each a private phone in the Polo Lounge. It was offal-eating time. New York had been abandoned to the Yankees, who won and won, but were unemotional, priggish, and rather white as well. You didn't root for a Yankee team: at best you deferred to it. And then, in 1962, while our whole-earth and ashram era was just beginning, the *Zeitgeist* brought forth upon this continent a new Met kingdom. Baseball wore its human face again.

The distinction I mean to draw is not as nugatory as one might at first assume. After all, I doubt if you could find six white Yankee fans who voted for Jesse Jackson. And I have never yet come across the liberal who—if he had any interest in baseball to begin with—wasn't a New York Met supporter. (Well, I take that back: Trotskyists root for Boston.) The difference between Shea Stadium and Yankee Stadium (I'm talking about white fans here) is the difference between culture and culture. A Yankee partisan would like his team to win: expectations are relatively uncomplex. Your Met partisan also would like his team to win—but only if it can retain the special perquisites of a loser: cuteness, innocence, righteous passion, disadvantaged status. This peculiar Met sensibility is, in fact, an exact synecdoche for the psycho-social phenomenon known as liberalism.

Professional baseball first recommended itself to my consciousness around 1949 or so. The Yankees had just begun their Stengel period: they were more or less invincible. It seemed a sound move to follow DiMaggio and Raschi and Berra: eight-year-olds lose often enough without adopting victimhood as well. I attended a grammar school for bright children. This meant that my entire first- through sixth-grade acquaintance was Jewish and liberal: on Yom Kippur I brought a card deck to school and played patience. My classmates were for Duke or Say-Hey Willie or Adlai (Eisenhower lost a school straw vote 319-to-me). Come October, though, I made good Spaldeen money betting on my team: we never lost. I didn't understand then—neither did New York really—that the Yanks were proto-fascist. Yes, they won without either effort or emotion. Yes, they wore pinstripes as if they were a Wall Street franchise. But, heck, I didn't want them to cry, I wanted them to win.

The Met franchise hit New York in 1962. To this day it has preserved a noticeable, if rather anachronistic, Sixties perspective. Note, for instance, the sissy name: Met, mutt, maybe even mat as in door mat. But the team that stood for urban accountability and caring (it had brought good, black National League baseball back home again) could never have used a cougar or a piranha as club emblem. Passive aggression was in vogue. "Yankee," on the other hand, is active, chauvinistic, hard—by 1962 it had already become a term of derogation. The Mets were supposed to lose. And, during their expansion era, no one did that better. It was mass masochism at Shea: the liberal death-wish as spectator sport. Never have so many people assembled to celebrate incompetence.

But it was always incompetence heightened with emotion. Your Met fan has the ecstatic/obsessive disposition of a rock groupie. Later on, Tug McGraw would shout, "Y'gotta believe." Such a sanctimonious slogan could never have played in Yankee Stadium. Met *v.* Yankee was enthu-

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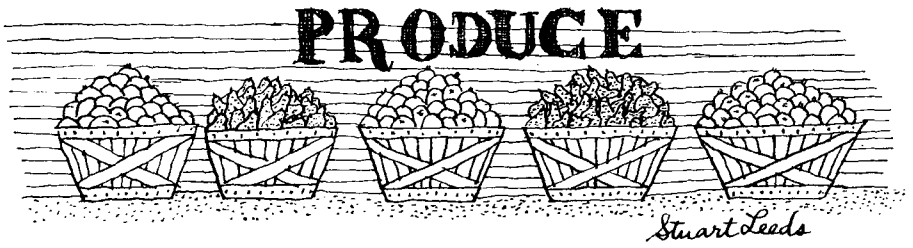

siastic amateur *v.* jaded professional. Met fans, we were told, had a joyous and lenient attitude toward sport. And they *felt*—they were forbearing, they understood human pain, they were in last place, weren't they? Ironically they often gave out snide remarks about the neighborhood around Yankee Stadium. It wasn't, you know, safe. They made a fetish of being oppressed, but they were as bourgeois-middle as aluminum siding.

Baseball has always intrigued the academic mind—in part because it is so amenable to record-keeping and statistical analysis. In part, also, because it will reward finesse more than any violent contact sport can. Intellectuals empathize: in baseball small men are often successful; it isn't just a question of whose steroid prescription might be stronger. Left-thinking people have been particularly attracted to the Met franchise, because there are obvious parallels between it and whatever Third World Communist movement is fashionable this afternoon. For example: both the Met ascent and the Sandinista insurgency began as people's revolts, struggling to gain popular support against Mickey Mantle and Somoza with deficient equipment. Each engineered a revolution: the Sandinista in 1979, the Met in 1969 (when, against seemingly insurmountable odds, they won their first world championship). But, as no leftist regime is at ease with an image of power, so paranoia must be institutionalized. Somoza has gone. Now Yankee America is the oppressor—even though Ortega heads a brutal, secure totalitarian system. Likewise, even though Strawberry and Gooden and Hernandez head the most talented, arrogant, and despised team in baseball, their servile following will continue to call them "poor Metsies." And they don't even face a Contra insurrection.

As I write, both the Mets and the Yankees are in first place. An October confrontation would seem plausible. If there is one, it will represent much more than two baseball teams in parochial antagonism. Should this powerful Met squad lose, they'll probably call a special session of the UN Security Council. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Destroying Democracy: How Government Funds Partisan Politics, by James T. Bennett and Thomas J. DiLorenzo (Cato Institute, 561 pp., $24.95).

THE MAJOR PROBLEM with *Destroying Democracy*, from the libertarian Cato Institute, is that we've read so much of it before in better books like *Civil Rights: Rhetoric or Reality?*, *The Coercive Utopians*, and *Losing Ground*. Although the authors, both professors at George Mason University, have published numerous works on government, this study's heavy reliance on secondary sources gives it the air of one of those ghost-written books ostensibly authored by well-known congressmen or New Right leaders. Moreover, much of the book has little to do with partisan politics (for example, criticisms of regulations promulgated by the Food and Drug Administration or the Environmental Protection Agency) or gives too little detail on how tax money is supporting the conduct in question. Rarely are we given nuts-and-bolts information on the reasons—whether actual or ostensible—for government grants to political-advocacy groups, how these appropriations are hidden by worthier ones in the same bill, and who the congressmen and bureaucrats behind these grants are. In fact, the authors' proposed solution to the crisis of tax-funded political advocacy—a guaranteed income and elimination of indirect payments to the needy—is given scarcely more words than there are in this review. If you've been living under a rock these past few years, *Destroying Democracy* might be useful catch-up reading on the misdoings of the Left. Otherwise, wait for the movie. MICHAEL FUMENTO

SOBRAN
(Continued from page 29)

are desirable. Where they really differ is on how fast to move leftward *at this moment.* Jackson likes to strike radical poses; Dukakis is a discreet consolidator. It's misleading to infer from the difference in style that Dukakis is to the "right" of Jackson.

In choosing Lloyd Bentsen, the nearest thing to a conservative Democrat in the Senate, as his running-mate, Dukakis was continuing the campaign of obfuscation, but also admitting by implication that he needed a relatively conservative running-mate to balance the ticket. Sorensen's task was to supplement this effort at the semantic level. He has disguised a monochromatic ideology as a rainbow of discrete programs, in a language that resists saying what's really meant, a form of expression harder to grapple with and therefore more demoralizing than the flat lie.

The platform boils down to something very simple. Increased federal power is the solution to everything the Democrats care to define as a problem. In fact this solution *creates* its own problems, and the Democrats see this not as its defect but as its virtue. If you can find bums sleeping in the streets of more than one state, "homelessness" becomes a "national problem"—warranting, of course, a national solution. Even abortion, supposedly a "private" matter, requires federal funding. Sorensen's prose is the idiom appropriate to such willfully sloppy thinking. He has made the language of power Greek to us. □

BROOKHISER
(Continued from page 36)

dately. Three years older than George Bush, he looked like a coeval of Ronald Reagan.

He had been introduced by one of the convention's more striking united fronts, Senator John Glenn and Representative Mickey Leland. Anyone who follows a John Glenn speech has a soft row to hoe. Bentsen began well enough, calling the Reagan Administration an "eight-year coma." Yet as he went on, it became clear that the convention had entered a 25-minute coma. He said nothing foolish or bizarre, but his manner and his words were utterly barren of inspiration. It

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must sound better when you have to pay for it. The biggest applause came at the end, when the senator pointed behind him to his 94-year-old father. Maybe it was simple astonishment that there existed an older Bentsen.

A few conventions ago, someone decided that videos of candidates were what the heart of America yearned for. It was a terrible idea. Bentsen was followed by Dukakis's contribution to the form, which turned out to be the only one I've liked. Significantly, it was all biography—the house he grew up in, the 25-year-old snow blower in his garage—and no politics. The convention managers also threw in some music by John Williams, which could have used a video of Darth Vader, and a video by Neil Diamond, which could have used a power failure. After these rites came the Duke himself.

The emotions of the hall, so often feigned over the preceding nights, and squelched by Bentsen, burst out in a roar of welcome. Dukakis acknowledged it with little half-incredulous shakes of the head that would become any man so honored. When he spoke of his father—"how I wish he were here tonight; he'd be very proud of his son"—his voice broke, and his heart, for once, beat.

His speech was smoothly and surely delivered, but I don't think it is ideological antipathy that makes me say it was hard to follow. Six months ago, I had no trouble following Jackson, Paul Simon, or Dick Gephardt. This was more elusive. It was also a problem of the convention as a whole. Beating Bush and winning in November are obvious themes. But what are the Democrats offering positively?

Very little, if the convention is a guide, in the way of foreign affairs. A few cracks at General Noriega and Iran-Contra, boos for waste, fraud, and abuse in the Pentagon, and a heartfelt hatred of Afrikaners—these are about it. When Arkansas governor Bill Clinton nominated Dukakis, about all he could say about the candidate's foreign-policy positions or experience was that he speaks four languages besides English.

At home, the issues were more numerous, without being much more coherent. Dukakis spoke several sentences in one of his languages, Spanish, one of many appeals to the bi-lingualism lobby. There were also dozens of pitches over four nights for protectionism and day care, mandated health insurance and easy college education; pitches to AIDS victims and drought victims; calls for a real war on drugs. The underlying theme of all this was that the Reagan years have been very bad. The difficulty with it is that in many obvious ways, they have been very good. The Democrats addressed the difficulty by denial ("Oh, I've seen charts and numbers that suggest prosperity," said Bentsen, "but" etc.), or by focusing on exceptions.

Here and there, speakers also suggested that the true evils of Reaganism are still to come. Anxiety is a stronger suit than suffering, and one that George Bush is not intellectually suited to counter. If the Democrats can lead into that, they may have a good run.

The other theme I plucked from the speech was a quotation from John Winthrop, the man who gave us "city upon a hill": "We must be knit together as one." An odd theme, it would seem, for class warriors, but indeed it is the flip side: if you have *good* rich, like Lloyd Bentsen, then we can be knit together. And knit for what?

Dukakis did not quote, "Ask not what your country can do for you"; he quoted instead an oath of ancient Athens. But it amounted to the same thing. Given the frustrations to which the New Frontier led in four or five years, I don't look forward to the trip. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

JANET CAWLEY:

Not Uncle Sam Again

Who is going to take care of our parents? For that matter, who is going to take care of us when we grow old and need assistance with such basic activities as bathing, eating, or just sitting up? And how are we going to pay for what is often staggeringly expensive care?

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DUKAKIS v. JACKSON

NEW YORK, JULY 18

THE MOMENT is approaching when Mr. Jackson and Mr. Dukakis will effect whatever it is they are going to effect during the Democratic Convention. Here is what is discernible as of Sunday night.

—Mr. Dukakis is ever-so-lightly attempting ever-so-firmly to make it clear to the American public that he is something less than Jesse Jackson's manservant, while giving, when appropriate, the impression that historically he probably ought to be.

This has been done by one or two maneuvers with undeniable meaning. Primary among them was the choice of Lloyd Bentsen as a running-mate. This was, in traditional language, the decision to "balance" the ticket. He did this adroitly by summoning the historical precedent of John F. Kennedy. It is important to remember that in Democratic official history, John F. Kennedy could do no wrong. So that his choice of Lyndon Johnson as vice-presidential candidate was right, irrespective of a) whether JFK was a good President, or b) whether LBJ was a good Vice President and, later, President. A very good historical case can be made to the effect that the joint reign was of dubious benefit to the Republic. Perhaps one can't blame JFK for what happened during the five years after he died. But one ought not to forget the Vietnam War (an undiluted disaster), the explosion of state welfarism (a disaster with only very incidental benefits), and the beginning of a period of inflation that was sharply arrested by Ronald Reagan, but by no means eliminated.

That was the historical cover. But more important than that was Dukakis's clear message that he was rejecting the ideological association the public has tended to make between him and Jackson. Both are indisputably big government spenders, joint allies in the war against resourceful anti-Communist international strategy, and soft on almost every point in which the interests of the Soviet Union and the United States collide. Given that, in political discourse, what matters is the impression conveyed, as distinguished from objective reality, Dukakis scored: his position is, somehow, "different" from that of Jesse Jackson. Even though hard-boiled analysts will conclude, in the fleeted phrase of Joe Sobran, that the difference between their leftward marches is a matter of velocity, rather than of substance.

Then there was the question of how Jackson was advised of the decision to go with Bentsen. Clearly the Reverend's feelings were hurt. Dukakis's excuse was of the kind that appeals to men of affairs—the message didn't get through—and what-do-you-know, the Reverend heard about Bentsen some time after 200 million lesser Americans heard about him through the media. Mr. Dukakis went only so far as to say that he had planned to let Mr. Jackson be the first man to hear, but he was wonderfully philosophical about the deadline being missed. As if the valentine he sent to his mother arrived not on February 14 but on February 15, so the post office doesn't always deliver on time, so what else is new?

The reaction of Mr. Jackson was not easy. He spoke in clipped heroic tones to the press, then crashed into his high diapasonal mode in speaking to his general audiences, to whom he bellowed his defiance of his fate in accents that sought to sound like King Lear inveighing against the behavior of his two treacherous daughters, but left most of the world as confused as most of the world tends to be when trying to fix Jesse Jackson as the architect of concrete alternatives.

Now, Jesse is concrete at the level of "taxing the rich," and branding South Africa as a terrorist state, and cooling the differences between the United States and the Soviet Union, which differences have never excited Mr. Jackson. But when pressed to be clear on just what is to be done about all this, we get those awful generalities, which are accepted by Mr. Jackson's followers with a fortitude which, if it could be bottled, should be given free to all persons suffering from mortal weaknesses. The only thing one could remember from his extended interview with Dan Rather on Sunday was that the United States should proceed from "fireworks to noble works." That this means nothing at all means nothing at all in politics. That it is less than exalting as a rhetorical exercise reminds us that there is a depressing difference between the rhetoric of presidential aspirant Adlai Stevenson and the current crop, leaving aside the unique inscrutability of Jesse Jackson.

—All of which comes with the flourishing of statistical data which make life very difficult for both Mr. Dukakis and Mr. Jackson. The figures are now in. Every major generality on which they have relied is limp from discreditability. Blacks are worse off under Reagan than before? Incorrect: as an ethnic group their family income has risen 16 per cent faster than that of whites. Under Reagan the rich have got richer while the poor have got poorer? Wrong: the poor have got richer too, though at a slower rate. Under Reagan, the new jobs created have been at the menial level—at McDonald's hamburger stands? Wrong: the largest rise is among professional workers. Unemployment? A higher percentage of Americans is working than ever before.

Leaving us with? A convention with nothing of interest but the merely personal story of what Jesse will do and say. Which is a question of minor interest for historians, and novelists. □

TED TURNER'S RUSSIA

NEW YORK, JULY 20

IF YOU WANT to lift your eyes for a tiny moment from events at the convention center in Atlanta, let them travel to another part of the city, to the headquarters of the Turner Broadcasting Company. This is the outfit that has given us the most innovative (and valuable) TV programming idea of the decade: round-the-clock news, on Cable News Network. That news is reported evenhandedly. But the strangest transformation since the discovery of the transsexual operation is what has happened to Ted Turner, the founder of CNN. He has become a Soviet apologist. In fact, his stuff is so Red it would embarrass the *Daily Worker* to publish it.

But not the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and herein lies the story. Last March, the Turner Education Services, which is an arm of the broadcasting company, aired a seven-hour program called *Portrait of the Soviet Union*. The next thing we knew, Turner had teamed up with the Encyclopaedia Britannica to take those seven hours and run them for the education of schoolchildren. And this notwithstanding the universal panning received when the *Portrait*

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was broadcast on WTBS. The first sentence by *Washington Post* reviewer Tom Shales, who guards the liberal tablets in this world as Fafner guarded the Nibelungs' treasures, was: "Does Ted Turner have a few thousand acres in the Urals that he's trying to unload?" Shales was just warming up. "This is not a 'Letter from the USSR.' It's more like a postcard from Binky and Biff at Camp Whitewash."

Even so, the EB people undertook to make it a seminal instrument for the instruction of America's schoolchildren. How bad is the Turner portrait of the USSR?

—The Kremlin used to belong to the czars. "Now, it belongs to the people."

—What did Lenin face, when he took over Russia? His party "needed to mold a new kind of citizen, one who would embody all the virtues of the socialist ethic —clean-limbed, right-thinking, and dedicated to the state. The kind of model superperson that would be a shining example to all."

—How has the Soviet Union dealt with its artists? "Just outside of Moscow, living in the most amazing grace, is an enclave of top Russian artists. [These] princes of literature have their homes in this Russian Beverly Hills."

—Is there freedom of religion in the Soviet Union? Forgawdsakes, "Atheist though the state may be, freedom to worship as you please is enshrined in the Soviet constitution."

—Didn't a dozen million citizens perish in Siberia as the result of the policy of Gulag? Siberia "used to be a one-way ticket to exile, it's now a chance for young Soviets to do something for their country, make some extra money, maybe even start a whole new life."

—Don't Soviet history books lie about everything? Well, "increasingly, Soviets feel it is essential for the young, indeed everyone, to have an honest account of their own history."

Ted Turner was accosted about this travesty on his own *Crossfire* feature. Pat Buchanan put it to him that this was the most concentrated pack of lies since a broadcast by Goebbels on the Jews. His answer? "I wanted to go over there and paint a beautiful portrait of the Soviet Union." Pressed to explain the distortions, he just said it again. "Well, that's true, that's absolutely true, we went over there to paint a portrait, we painted a portrait, and I'm not going to apologize for it."

This was all too much for L. Brent Bozell III, chairman of the Media Research Center in Washington, who wrote to the EB distributors, and got back from Mr. Michael Jirasek, who is "Manager, Communications Services," the dumbest letter of the year. Jirasek's position is that whatever is told inadequately by the movie, gets corrected by educational reading matter that accompanies it. So? Make a movie about how wonderful life was under Adolf Hitler in Germany, distribute it to all the schoolchildren, and then expose them to some light reading taking exception to this position. The Kremlin should have given Turner the Order of Stalin, except that the Kremlin would be embarrassed to associate Stalin with Turner's ideas of Stalin. □

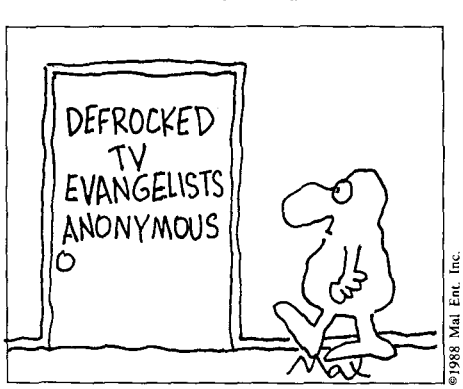
PLANT-CLOSINGS & HUMANITARIAN DELUSIONS

NEW YORK, JULY 11

THE MORNING NEWS tells us that Ronald Reagan has given up on the sixty-day notice for plant closings. You see, said the commentator, there are only 25 senators willing to stick with Reagan on an override, so he'd lose in the Senate. And in the House, he just doesn't have the votes. So . . . he'll just let the bill sit on his desk, and it will automatically become law in ten days.

This stepfatherly treatment of the bill will give the President a little satisfaction, but it won't help the Republic. We have here the *locus classicus* of the political measure that everyone knows is wrong, but everyone is afraid to vote against because it sounds so very simple: You don't let people go without giving them a few weeks' notice.

What Congress doesn't appear to know is that industry needs to absorb in its own way impositions on its normal practices. If you have an operation you are struggling to maintain, you will consider all alternatives. One of them is to continue the struggle at full velocity—until the damage has reached a certain point, and then you give up, cutting your losses as sharply as you can. A second alternative is to decide that two months before you would reach the cut-off point, you will make the decision to close, and spend the money saved on severance payments. A third alternative is to close down not two months earlier than you might otherwise, but four months earlier—because of the new act.



It becomes one more burden to bear. Three-fifths of all American businesses fail within two years of starting out. American business has given new jobs to 18 million people in the past ten years. Contrast that with the performance of the Europeans, who collectively are approximately as wealthy as we are with a population about the same size. They have created not a single new job over that period. We are employing a higher percentage of Americans than at any time in history. And this is in spite of the high incidence of failed enterprises. The question arises: Ought Congress to get into the business of specifying the obligations of enterprises that have become marginal?

Suppose that the idea is to found a small factory, and the entrepreneur sets out to raise $1 million. But since the weekly payroll will be $50,000, now he has either to raise an extra $400,000, or else risk having to abort the operation before the time felt necessary to give it a reasonable chance of success.

And then there is the entrepreneur who recognizes that the moment he announces that the plant is going to close down he will start losing whatever income he was getting. Everyone who lives in a municipality in which a newspaper or magazine stopped publishing knows the experience. In my adult lifetime, seven daily newspapers have closed down in New York City —and always those papers have announced at noon on a Monday that the following day's edition will not appear. By serving sixty days' notice, they would lose their advertising revenues and endanger their credit.

The care of laid-off employees, or of employees who suffer from a plant closing, is clearly the business of the labor unions, bargaining with the enterprise. These unions can look at the economic picture and tailor their demands to what is reasonable. Funds can be created to be invaded in the event of a plant closing. But each enterprise, in this way, has the advantage of customizing the plan to the situation.

HERE WE ARE, with a record number of people employed, the envy of the entire world, and—we proceed to hack away at a system that has proved successful and humanitarian. We are left to pity those men and women of conscience who know this, but who do not dare to vote their consciences.

Suppose one were to take the complementary position, and pass a law stipulating that no American can quit his job without serving sixty days' notice? Interesting thought, except it's unconstitutional. Section One of the 13th Amendment proscribes involuntary servitude. Well, Section Two of the 13th Amendment should proscribe involuntary employment. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

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B. *Inhabits* — O C C U P I E S / 62 164 176 142 84 22 33 115

C. This abode might need a captain — H O U S E B O A T / 120 97 163 10 24 182 135 56 79

D. Sixteenth-century French astrologer — N O S T R A D A M U S / 57 161 26 122 171 2 136 42 72 88 99

E. Our friend Maggie — T H A T C H E R / 67 145 174 12 34 186 98 132

F. Historical South *African racial* group — H O T T E N T O T / 173 183 102 119 76 5 90 63 17

G. Liszt composed Hungarian ones — R H A P S O D I E S / 83 108 35 64 140 179 25 6 125 95

H. Military reversal? (2 words) — A B O U T F A C E / 146 32 80 128 23 168 121 138 11

I. Stow — S T A S H / 117 50 167 91 149

J. Early childhood toy — H O B B Y H O R S E / 51 101 180 141 151 18 156 85 31 65

K. Computer product — O U T P U T / 86 131 144 55 20 165

L. Northeastern state (2 words) — N E W N A M P S H I R E / 21 58 39 93 45 103 3 166 68 116 134 177

M. Tutored — 147 109 8 185 41 61

N. Undecided — 16 52 37 153 118 169 106 77

O. Thrown out, at the ball game — 155 53 104 89 15 40 162

P. Ballet wear — T U T U / 148 82 187 36

Q. Like Poe's appetite? — 160 73 154 19 100 130 157 46

R. Famed *iter* (2 words) — 54 133 159 94 28 66 111 4 126

S. Queen and Spade — 87 60 123 30 172 110 170 43 150 7

T. NATO concern — 181 137 71 81 9 48

U. Sharpened — 13 124 69 107 143 38 49

V. Swears — 105 178 139 112 59 29 78

W. Small-time (slang) — 158 70 175 75 129 96 14 114 47

1 A	2 D	3 L P	4 R	5 F		6 G I	7 S		8 M	9 T	10 C	11 H	12 E T		13 U	14 W	15 O	16 N		17 F
18 J	19 Q		20 K	21 L N	22 B	23 H	24 C	25 G D		26 D	27 A	28 R	29 V	30 S	31 J		32 H	33 B	34 E C	35 G A
36 P U	37 N	38 U		39 L W	40 O		41 M	42 D	43 S	44 A		45 L A	46 Q	47 W	48 T	49 U		50 I	51 J	52 N
	53 O	54 R	55 K	56 C	57 D	58 L É	59 V	60 S		61 M	62 B		63 F	64 G P	65 J	66 R		67 E T	68 L H	69 U
70 W	71 T		72 D	73 Q	74 A	75 W	76 F	77 N	78 V		79 C	80 H		81 T	82 P U	83 G R		84 B	85 J	86 K
87 S	88 D	89 O	90 F	91 I		92 A	93 L H	94 R	95 G S		96 W	97 C	98 E É	99 D		100Q	101J	102F		103L M
104O	105V	106N		107U	108G H	109M	110S		111R	112V		113A	114W	115B	116L I	117I	118N		119F	120C
121H	122D		123S	124U	125G É	126R		127A	128H	129W		130Q	131K	132E R		133R	134L R	135C	136D	137T
138H	139V	140G S		141J	142B	143U		144K	145E H	146H	147M		148P T	149I	150S	151J		152A	153N	154Q
155O		156J	157Q	158W		159R	160Q	161D	162O	163C	164B	165K	166L S		167I		168H	169N	170S	171D
	172S	173F	174E A	175W	176B	177L É		178V	179G O		180J	181T		182C	183F	184A	185M	186E H	187P T	

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 58 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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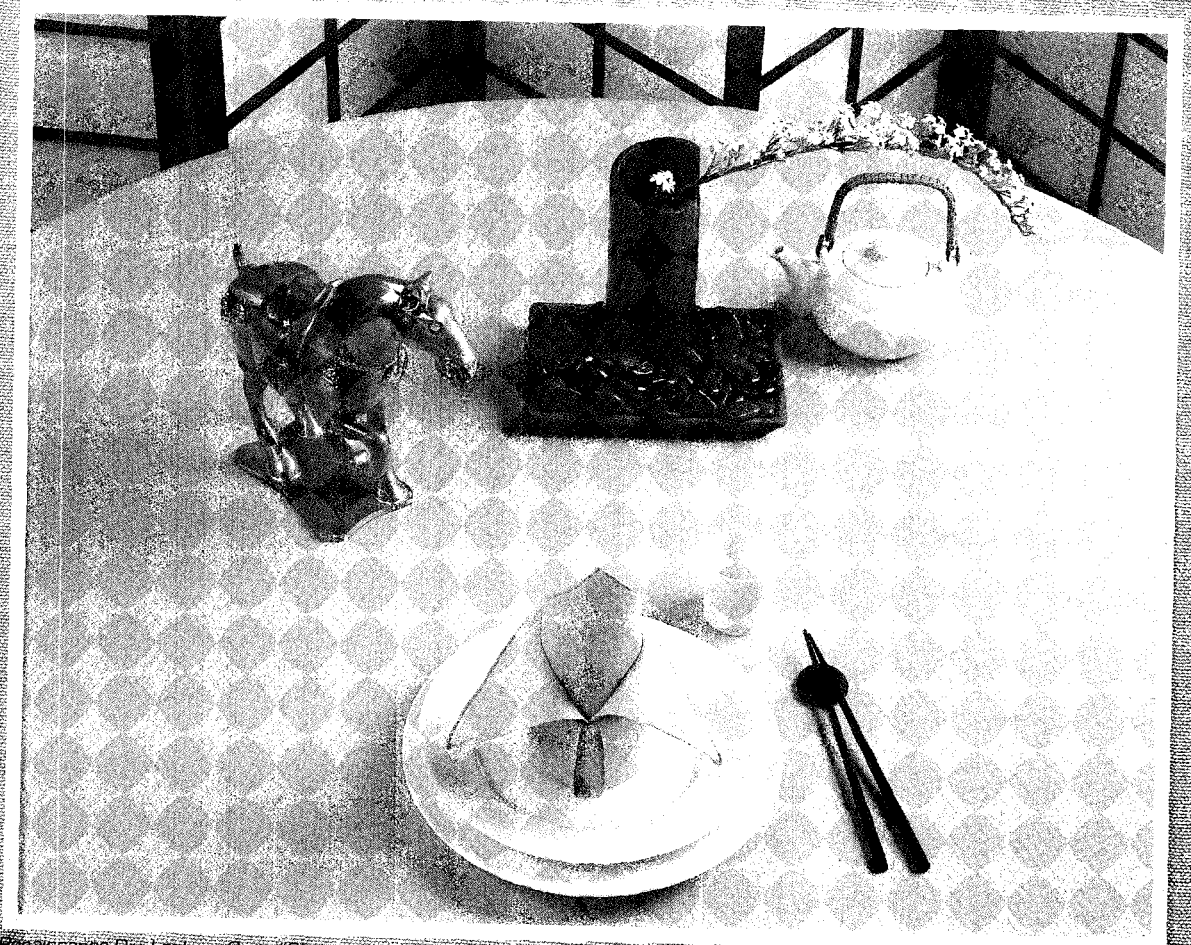

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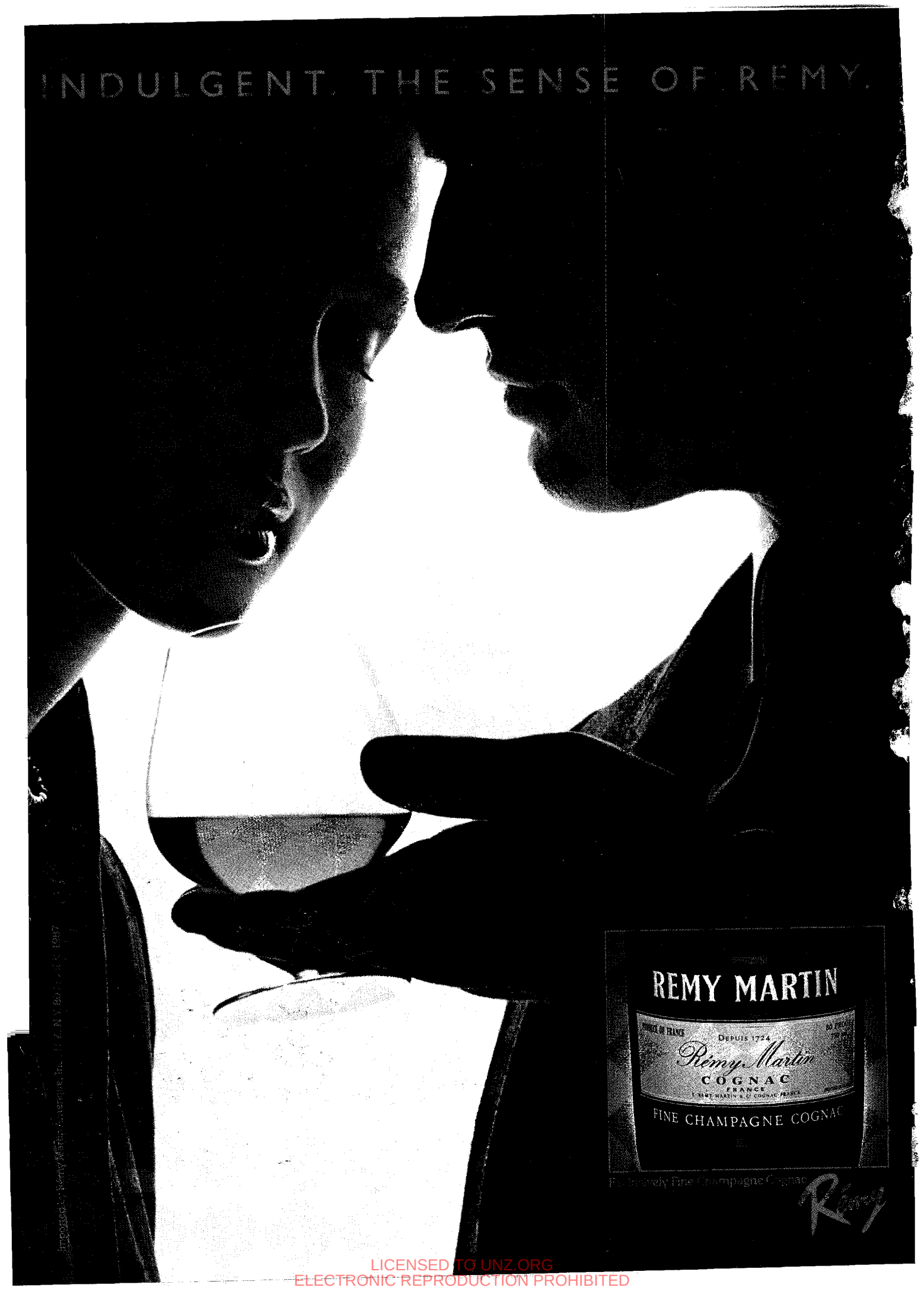

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